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The Week

THE SHOCKINGLY SUDDEN and tragic death of President Harding swept every other happening into the background during the past week. With his passing, friend and foe unite in recognition of a gentle and modest soul, whose greatest wish was for reconciliation, peace and harmony. He died at a moment when the grave nature of European affairs makes it particularly unfortunate that new hands should take up the reins of government in the United States, a situation which at the best means a period of vacillation and delay before positive action of any sort is possible. President Coolidge has announced that he will follow the policies of his predecessor. Such a promise, however, must be interpreted in terms of the personality of its maker. Moreover, the movement of world events will produce the necessity for new decisions which no one can foresee, and which might well tax the powers of the ablest men we have. The American system which makes the vice-presidency a sinecure, filled as a rule by a man who would never be dreamed of as a presidential possibility in his own right, occasionally reveals itself in all its potentiality for mischief. Against this fact, however, must be placed in any balancing of the ledgers the inevitable rejuvenation of the Republican party because both the identity of the nominee in 1924 and the degree of liberalism in party policies are once more open to alteration. This aspect of the situation is discussed at more length elsewhere in this issue.

THE FRENCH REPLY to the Baldwin note virtually ignores the main proposal of the British and does so in terms which, from one ally to another, constitute an extraordinary rebuff. The chief feature of the Baldwin note was the suggestion for a joint statement to Germany, making definite concessions in return for the abolition of passive resistance. To this the French and Belgian governments reply by a reaffirmation of the old position. No proposals, direct or indirect, will be made while passive resistance continues. Not until Germany has abandoned her only weapon will she be permitted to learn the fate which will be meted out to her. M. Poincaré adroitly refers to his as the "German policy of 1871." He concedes, as he could hardly fail to do, that the Ruhr occupation has produced nothing; but he now insists he never expected it would. The occupation was to "bring Germany to terms." He adds that passive resistance would have ended long ago save for the shipments of paper marks from Berlin to pay the wages of the strikers.

IF THIS IS THE CASE, and France is sincere in wishing passive resistance to end, her problem is simple. Let her put an end to the importation of paper money into the Ruhr, as she can easily do, and the trick is turned. A little money might still be smuggled, but not a sufficient amount to affect the result. The Ruhr workmen would then be confronted with a simple alternative: work—or starve, and see your families starve with you. Such a solution is furthest from the French desire. She does not wish passive resistance in the Ruhr to end under conditions of suffering there which would not only throw the problem of maintaining

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the local population upon her shoulders, but would unite all the rest of Germany to fight to the last ditch. She wants the status quo in the Ruhr to continue until the German Reich is broken up, once and for all. Her fear of British action was lest the Baldwin government should force the whole question to a crisis before sufficient time had elapsed to make the German collapse inevitable. As matters stand at the moment, this fear seems groundless. Mr. Baldwin gives every evidence of having gone as far as he dares go, until he is goaded on by the event. By that time, it may be —it almost certainly will be—too late.

OF THE WEEK'S MINOR foreign news, Irish developments, the struggle over the Turkish-American treaty, and Russian progress are the outstanding incidents. The Irish Free State, which looks forward apprehensively toward possible disorders in connection with the election at the end of this month, makes a handsome proposal to the League of Nations to place all its armament in the hands of the League if Ireland is admitted this autumn. Meanwhile, a court ruling which Mr. de Valera must have read with mixed emotions, certifies that there is no state of war in Erin. The Turks, taking a leaf from their successful experience with the Allies, refused to accept the American terms without a fight, and Minister Grew has had an additional unhappy week in consequence. Reports from Russia continue to predict enormous quantities of wheat for export, though the Lubin Agricultural Institute at Rome says the crop will be only a little larger than last year's. American farmers, however, will greet the Russian statements with a gloom which is not ameliorated by the news from France that the North African wheat crop, plus her own, will fill all her requirements.

AMONG MINOR DOMESTIC events of the week, the most interesting was the conference at Minneapolis in which Brookhart, Frazier, Shipstead and Magnus Johnson took part. They unite in believing that the wheat farmer is threatened with disaster, and that a special session of Congress should be called to save him—a project which President Coolidge is known to regard with high disfavor. Senator Brookhart wants a fixed price for wheat, a high tariff to prevent imports, and an agreement by the government to buy all that the domestic market will not absorb. Senator Shipstead holds the comforting view that the Department of Agriculture figures are wrong, and that instead of a 200,000,000 bushel surplus we shall have very little wheat left over. Supplementing the views expressed at this conference, Senator Brookhart on his own account recently made public a list of the things he thinks Congress should do. It includes repeal of the important aspects of the Esch-Cummins law, new railroad valuations based on the market value of stocks and bonds, at least two-thirds control of the Federal Reserve System by farmers and labor, and a soldiers' bonus to be paid for out of excess profits taxation. Practically every item on this list is in direct opposition to the views of President Coolidge; and Senator Brookhart admits that the progressive group is not strong enough to repass legislation over a Presidential veto.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has announced, as he was of course bound to do, that he will follow the policies of his predecessor. In regard to the project for American participation in the World Court it is legitimate to enquire which of Mr. Harding's attitudes he will take. In the St. Louis speech, the President demanded reservations so sweeping that they made endorsement by the Democratic Senators completely impossible. In the San Francisco address, which was made public just before he died, he seemed to have abandoned this attitude. He preferred the World Court, he said, just as it is. But he was willing to consider the objections to it, the main thing being to get the United States into active participation as soon as possible. That even his close associates at Washington are in doubt as to what President Coolidge will do is indicated by the strenuous efforts made by both the friends and foes of the Court to rush him off his feet as soon as he had arrived at the capital. It is entirely possible that Mr. Coolidge knows no better than any one else what he will do. His own temperament will insure his doing nothing until he has given the matter long consideration. For that reason we believe that those who look for prompt action in either direction are doomed to disappointment.

IT IS A MAGNIFICENT gesture with which the owners of bituminous coal mines offer their entire industry to the government in case the anthracite miners should go on strike at the end of this month. They are confident, they say, that they can supply the country's needs and keep the wheels of industry turning, even though no anthracite is produced. Price is no object; and they are willing to undertake that profiteering shall be entirely eliminated. In other words, the soft coal industry stands ready to act as strike breaker for the hard coal industry. By supplying all the necessary fuel, they hope to avoid a developing tide of public opinion in favor of a speedy settlement of the hard coal strike, if there is one. No doubt when the soft coal miners' agreement runs out next spring, the hard coal industry will stand ready to come to the rescue in the same magnanimous way, at least to the extent that is physically pos-

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sible. Both soft coal and hard coal mine operators have a common purpose: to do all in their power to smash the United Mine Workers.

A PARTICULARLY INGENUOUS Paris correspondent of the Chicago Tribune sent a solemn despatch to his paper last week saying France and England had signed an agreement whereby the latter would send 200,000 men to aid France if she were attacked, and the former in turn has agreed to reduce her army by the same number of men. The editor of the New York Times feeling at least equally ingenuous wrote an editorial next day accepting this arrangement as a fait accompli. It should be reasonably clear, even at this distance from the scene, that whatever else Mr. Baldwin may be doing, he is not pledging 200,000 British boys to aid France if her incendiary actions on the continent ultimately result, as it seems more than likely they may, in the use of armed force against her. The Chicago Tribune despatch apparently refers to the proposal which France has set up in opposition to Lord Robert Cecil's striking scheme for continental guarantees against aggression. Lord Robert would have all the nations of each continent agree to keep the peace, so that an act of war against one would automatically become an act of war against all. France, fearing this might mean the end of her European hegemony, has put up an alternative plan whereby two "or more" states would exchange guarantees against aggression, and instead of a real reduction of armament, there would be only such limitation as seemed appropriate in the individual case. The Franco-British 200,000-men arrangement might come into effect, if the League's Commission on Armament preferred the French plan to Lord Robert's, if the Assembly adopted it next fall, and if the member states accepted it. These are large if's.

"NOTHING CAN SWERVE France from her determination never to let go her hand on Germany until that nation has totally collapsed both economically and politically. No matter what the attitude of England, France will continue her work of destroying Germany." So said Mr. John Foster Dulles recently after a visit of some months to the continent of Europe. Mr. Dulles is a moderate, well-informed and cautious man who weighs his words and means what he says. If what he says is true, as we believe it is, the American people are being systematically misled about the realities of European politics by the pro-French American press, just as before the war they were systematically misled about the designs of the German government and the consequences thereof. They will again wake up some morning and find that as a result of having encouraged France to go ahead, as they formerly by indirection encouraged Germany, they will be enveloped by another international conflagration which cannot be extinguished without their assistance. The words of Mr. Dulles express the central fact about the political situation on the European continent. If you do not accept them, you cannot possibly act effectively and remedially.

THE ALERT SPECIAL correspondent of the New York Times, Miss Enid Wilkie, dogged the steps of the Kaiser and his bride for about fifteen minutes on one of their walks about Doorn and heard all their conversation, "which, however, merely concerned flowers and the peaceful pastime of gardening . . . There was no mention of Germany or royalist plots." Even when Miss Wilkie passed them and turned to challenge the late emperor with questions he courteously disclaimed any knowledge of the subject. This is reassuring and strengthens the belief which we already held that the last thing the Hohenzollerns or their partisans would care to do is to assume responsibility for Germany in her present condition. On the contrary, the monarchists are much more likely to contribute to the separatist tendencies, which will be in evidence after the French set up their Rhineland Republic. After Germany has fallen into such a condition of disunion and humiliation as prevailed after Jena, it will be time for the junkers to set her on her feet with Bismarck's prescription of blood and iron.

HENRY FORD'S chance of securing the Democratic nomination for President is probably much augmented by the death of President Harding, which sets the Republicans free to nominate the strongest man they have. It is therefore interesting to note what Ford had to say in a recent interview with Charles Wood of Collier's Weekly The gentleman from Detroit appears to have rather more hard common sense than he has been credited with. Politics is not his sort of job, he says. He doesn't see why any one should try to make him President as long as things are going as smoothly as at present. If there came a crisis, when an engineer was wanted to do an engineering job in a hurry, he concedes that he might be drafted. Mr. Wood has drawn up a sort of Ford platform, which says that he is against the tariff, the soldiers' bonus and the ship subsidy, all of which he regards as special privilege. He is for prohibition; and believes the solution of the railroad problem will come when the railroads are operated for service, on an engineering basis of efficiency. The answer to the farm problem is for the farmer to learn the methods of modern industry, and eliminate waste. He thinks Europe will eventually rescue herself. Mr. Ford sensibly asks

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whether he could carry out such a platform as President, and concludes that he probably wouldn't be given a chance. This is doubtless correct; but saying so is not likely to reduce the number of Mr. Ford's admirers who, despite everything, believe that if he were given the political job he might work the miracle of economic improvement which the country needs.

MR. BERNARD SHAW notes the extraordinary peace which broods over Ireland under a government which "has passed a coercion act which would make Trotzky gasp, and which makes the history of Dublin Castle under English rule seem like freedom broadening down from precedent to precedent." Evidently, however, Mr. Cosgrave, the President of the Cabinet, fears a renewal of strife on the occasion of the elections, August 27. In spite of many tragic disappointments in Ireland we dare to express the hope that the Republicans will confine their opposition to the present government to constitutional methods. As we pointed out last week the attitude of Ulster on the boundary question is likely to bring a crisis in which the services of all Irishmen will be needed by their country, and in which their unity will be the only possible condition of success.

IT IS QUITE TRUE, as Judge Gary says in discussing the plans for abolition of the twelve-hour-day in the steel industry, that a large number of the industry's employees would rather work twelve than eight hours, but only because the longer shift means more pay. There is no doubt that many of the men will resent the abolition of the long shift and the reduction of their earnings under the plan for abolition from $4.80 to $4 a day, which is just about rock bottom pay for unskilled labor, enough to keep a single man from starving, but a long way from the amount necessary for the decent support of even a small family. As usual, the steel manufacturer will divert from himself the consumer's gaze by underlining the inevitability of an increase in prices after an increase in wages per hour. The consumer, and his twin the mysterious "public," will neither realize nor care that while prices have gone up, earnings per man have gone down. The gain in four hours of leisure will seem to them a fair compensation for the loss in wages. Four hours of leisure which many of the men will pleasantly spend wondering how to get along on eighty cents a day less.

THE CHANGE TO THE shorter day, say the manufacturers, will require about 60,000 more laborers, and these will not be available unless the restrictions on immigration are relaxed. We have already pointed out that shorter hours mean an increase in productivity per man per hour. It is true, however, that a surplus of workers will be required; for only then will be enough men be found willing to work for as little as four dollars a day. Meanwhile Secretary Davis is abroad on the errand of making the immigration bars even harder to climb over, and is obviously preparing for submission to Congress a plan whereby the undesirables will be given a preliminary weeding out before they sail. Any plan which eliminated the familiar monthly quota race and the inevitable deportations would be a godsend, but there is a good deal of doubt if all the foreign governments will apply our "mental, physical and moral tests" in the same way.

THE ADDITIONAL BALLOTS tabulated during the past week have produced no change in the standing of the various candidates in the New Republic's Straw Vote, nor in the opinions recorded on the League and public ownership of coal mines and railways. La Follette still leads as the Presidential candidate of a third party, with 817 votes. Borah comes second with 476, and Ford is third with 330. Hoover and Johnson, fourth and fifth choices, are far in the rear. McAdoo is the overwhelming favorite to lead an existing party, with 826 votes. La Follette is second on this list with 405, and is closely pressed by Ford with 394. Borah is fourth with 321. The vote is still strongly in favor in the League of Nations, 1,044 wishing to enter without, and 893 with reservations. Those opposed to the League number 1,056. Sentiment has moved against the League since 1920, according to these voters, 1,431 declaring themselves to have lost interest during the last three years, and only 1,083 being more favorable. The vote in favor of a third party is about three to one, and even greater majorities advocate public ownership of mines and railways.

REAR-ADMIRAL RODGERS, who was introduced at the Williamstown Institute of Politics as "the exponent of force," would certainly win, in any contest between good old-fashioned men of war, the platinum-plated dum dum amphibian Torpedo. "War itself," he says, "is an integral part of law." "War is the agency whereby law is made to prevail." War-like demonstrations are useful and necessary in times of peace, and the Admiral points to the sending of our fleet around the world in 1907 as a display of force which served to promote peace. Peace being a bit shaky, it is time for another demonstration. Why not make the demonstration permanent? And ask the Admiral to take the fleet around the world on a non-stop peace cruise and not return until our own country has become so pacifist that nothing short of guns trained at the shores by its own navy will restore the moral tone that believes war is the best road to peace?

PHILIP LITTELL has resigned from the editorial board of the New Republic.

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A Call to Arms

PRESIDENT HARDING'S death rescues the Republican politicians from an immediately embarrassing predicament. It has saved them from the apparent necessity of deliberately sawing off the limb of the tree on which they were all comfortably perched. They have known for some time that the late President would prove to be a fatally weak candidate for re-election. Yet if Mr. Harding had insisted on running, as he probably would, they felt themselves helpless to prevent the event or to protect themselves against the consequent calamity. The lesson of 1912 continues to be the most vivid and significant part of their manual of political practice. They dread above everything else a repetition of the fierce and intensely personal family quarrel of that year with its probable consequences of another schism in the party. Such a schism would be almost inevitable, if any considerable body of "regular" Republicans contested Mr. Harding's renomination. They proposed to avoid such a contest at almost any cost. They were reconciled even to the loss of the election in 1924 with the expectation of a recovery in 1928 rather than risk another fight which involved a question of the right of a Republican president to succeed himself.

They are delivered from the necessity of choosing between two such unpalatable alternatives. Mr. Harding's death renders a lively and probably an embittered contest for the Republican nomination inevitable, but it will not excite the venomous personal animosities which a desertion of the late President by a large faction of "regular" Republicans would have excited. Doubtless Mr. Harding's successor, President Coolidge, will present his name to the Republican voters as a candidate for the renomination, and his control of the presidential patronage will certainly render his candidacy formidable, but the party did not select him for the presidency and his prestige with his Republican associates is none too imposing. In so far as they object to his nomination, he cannot summon to his assistance anything like as persuasive an array of human and opportunist arguments. President Coolidge, unless by some chance he should in the next few months develop unexpected sources of statesmanship and political initiative, will appear to the Republican voters merely as one candidate among many. They are likely to resent an attempt on his part to force his nomination chiefly by the use of patronage—he does nothing to deserve the honor.

It looks, consequently, like an open free-for-all race with the several candidates starting not far from scratch and with a large field of lusty competitors. Herbert Hoover will certainly seek the nomination and so will Hiram Johnson. Senator Johnson's grip upon his own state remains apparently unshakable, but even though beaten in California, Mr. Hoover may develop strength in other parts of the union. Among the other candidates of 1920, ex-Governor Lowden and Leonard Wood also may try to come back, but they will not succeed in forcing the pace as they did four years ago. Most of the formidable candidates will be newcomers. Senator La Follette will certainly enter the race; and with equal certainty he has much the best chance of capturing the delegations of the block of Republican discontented agrarian states which cluster around the head waters of the Missouri and Mississippi. Senator Borah, if he is willing to submit his name, might succeed in dividing some of these states with La Follette; but Mr. Borah as a candidate would probably prove to be more formidable in the convention than in the primaries. Whatever progressive or semi-progressive sentiment there is in the East may select Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania as its candidate. As to the Old Guard which of its favorites it will decide to enter does not yet appear. It may well be President Coolidge himself. The Old Guard likes to have its bread plastered with butter and jam; and the same piece of bread usually serves for both, for the sugar and for the fat.

The ensuing contest may well become sufficiently radical and exacerbated to split the Republican party into irreconcilable factions and to bring about the running of a progressive Republican as the candidate of a Farmer-Labor bloc. In fact, such a consummation seems highly probable; and if it takes place the Republican politicians, as a consequence of the late President's death, will literally have popped out of the frying pan into the fire. But in that event the schism will take place as the result of an economic discontent, whose expression the politicians have had a chance of controlling; and the fight whatever its effects on Republican cohesion, will stimulate the whole American political body to higher and more intense self-expression. The campaign for the nomination will come to have a positively educational value. The discussion of the issues will not be confused by the intrusion of the irrelevant personal and historical considerations which the candidacy of the late President would have rendered unnecessarily important. All the various factions in the party and all its shades of conviction can pick their nominees, frame their platforms and bid to the best of their good will and ability and without fear or disfavor for the support of their associates. Any group, cause or interest which wishes to be politically effective must come out into the open and tell the American people what policy they ought to favor and what candidate they ought to select. It is an exhilarating prospect in which all who believe in democracy and who cherish hopes for the future

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political well-being of the American nation should rejoice.

But it is the Progressives for whom the prospect is most exhilarating and who have most to gain from its altered outlook. It has seemed for some time as if the campaign of 1924 would turn out to be only a slightly improved version of the campaign of 1920, as if the unconscious but irresistible conspiracy of four years ago to suppress the free and vital expression of social discontent and to keep American public opinion confused and sluggish would remain effective throughout another presidential election. Such is no longer the case. It now looks as if 1924 like 1828, 1860, 1896 and 1912 would serve to leaven and inform American public opinion and to remove the obstacles to subsequent constructive legislation. If this result does not take place, the progressives themselves will be at fault. It is their great chance. For them the new political outlook is a call to arms. The obstacles to the lively and significant expression of their discontent with the prevailing methods and ideals of American government have gradually disappeared. While they can hardly expect to win the election, they can reasonably expect to pave the way for a victory in 1928 and to re-establish Progressivism as the ferment whereby the American nation proposes to seek national cohesion and realize its national destiny.

The Cure for Dollar Wheat

WHEAT falls, Magnus Johnson rises, and tongues wag in every campaign headquarters and editorial office. Diagnoses vary according to the interest of the doctors. If you are an advocate of the League of Nations, the farmer is suffering chiefly because of European turmoil. If you are a recipient of stock dividends, his salvation demands lower industrial wages. If you are a Democrat, the United States is threatened with a severe industrial depression because of the collapse of his purchasing power. If you are a Republican, you put the best face on the situation you can and hope for something to turn up. All might profit from a careful look at the underlying economic facts. They lead to conclusions which may surprise many of the farmers' newly found friends. Briefly stated, they are:

1. However desirable the economic recovery of Europe, it is not likely to remedy the farmers' ills.
2. The effective remedy will arise chiefly from a gradual reduction of American wheat acreage.
3. If it were not for comparatively high industrial wages and employment, the farmer would be in a much worse situation than at present.
4. There is less danger to general industrial activity from the farmers' condition this year than last year.
5. Leaders of the farmers are well advised in utilizing the period of agrarian unrest for agitation of domestic reforms.

Western Europe raises grain, but requires a net surplus of food imports. This surplus comes from the United States, Canada, Argentina, Australia, India, Africa, and, normally, Russia and Eastern Europe. It is thus true that wheat is sold in an international market, and responds to world demand and supply. During the war the production of Europe decreased, wheat prices rose and the production of exporting countries correspondingly increased. This tendency was intensified after the war by the collapse of Russian agriculture. In the five years, 1909-13, the United States grew a yearly average of 690 million bushels, 14 percent of which were exported. In the five war years, we grew an average of 822 million bushels, 27 percent of which were exported. In 1919 we grew 968 million bushels and exported 22 percent. In 1922 we were still growing 862 million bushels and exported 26 percent.

The most noticeable post-war development is not a falling-off of European wheat consumption, but a continuance of American production at a rate of about 200 million bushels a year more than before the war. As grain-growing is resumed in Europe, there tends to be a surplus in the United States. This tendency will be emphasized by the recovery of Russian wheat exports. The revival of Europe will probably not increase European demand for American wheat. It is almost certain to have the opposite effect. Collapse and starvation in Europe would of course rebound on our farmers. But in any event our long-time policy must be based on restriction of the supply by a curtailment of wheat acreage to a point commensurate with normal consumption.

While it is true that the wheat market is international, it is not true that the price of American wheat is set chiefly by foreign market conditions. What most commentators overlook is that American consumption forms a principal factor in world demand, and that it is subject to wide fluctuation. In years when the purchasing power of American wage-earners is high, domestic consumption has reached 7.62 bushels per capita; in years when purchasing power is low, it has fallen to 4.42. The aggregate difference may amount to as much as 250 million bushels—more than our total exports. In the disastrous year of 1920 domestic consumption fell to an average of 5.04 per capita, after the bumper crop of 1919. This, combined with currency and credit deflation, was the chief cause of the farmers' ruin. If a revival of domestic wages, employment and consumption had not occurred since 1921, wheat farmers, with their surplus of grain, would be suffering calamity

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indeed. They would now be hurt much more by a reduction of wage-earners' purchasing power than they would benefit from any corresponding reduction in prices of manufactured articles.

The condition of the farmers did not prevent a spirited industrial revival last year, and their condition, all in all, is no worse now than then. European consumption of wheat will probably be somewhat smaller this year than last. But the world acreage, inclusive of western Europe, is hardly larger. Russian exports will probably not be sufficient to exert much influence on prices. American consumption will be as large, or larger. And the July 1st forecast of the American crop places it at 821 million bushels, 40 million less than in 1922. It is true that wheat prices are now lower than last year. So are hog prices, due to surplus production. These are our two chief items of food export. But cotton, corn, hay, eggs, butter and wool are all higher than last year, and the general index of prices at the farm is appreciably above that of 1922. The political consequences of low wheat and hogs are greater than the consequences to manufacturing industry in such a situation. They affect the politically crucial states of the North and Central West. The average purchasing power of the agricultural regions as a whole, however, has not declined in the past twelve months.

We have said that the only remedy of present wheat troubles lies in a gradual reduction of acreage. This, however, must be to a smaller extent a conscious measure than would be the case with industrial products. The farmer has little surplus capital on which to lie back while he waits for hard times to blow over. He cannot shut down his farm and retire to Florida. Farming is an industry of comparatively small competitive units, and the ideal situation for an individual wheat grower is to have a large crop in a year of shortage. The individual action is therefore often diametrically opposed to group policy. Reduction of acreage unfortunately lies along the path of bankruptcies and an elimination of the less favorably situated producers by force of economic events. Thus it will come slowly, and while it is coming, every grievance of the farmers will rub like salt in an open wound. Here is an unequalled opportunity for the farmers to effect policies which may yield them permanent advantage, regardless of the oscillation of the world market. Reduction of costs by more scientific methods, diversification of crops, cooperative organization of buying and selling, better credit facilities, a clearing away of the tangle of waste between producer and consumer, a check to the alarming expansion of tenancy and mortgages, railroad reorganization which will permit better service at lower rates, stabilization of the currency, and improved industrial arrangements which will reduce manufacturing prices while increasing the purchasing power of wage-earners—such undertakings offer genuine opportunities to the farmers. If their attention is not diverted from such fundamental issues by the cries of those whose profits lie in their path, we may come out of the agricultural crisis with a much sounder economic order than that with which we entered it. For measures of this sort will root out troubles from which farmers have suffered year in and year out, decade after decade.

Can Germany Pay?

IN December last, when it appeared certain that France would use her military power to make effective her interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, Mr. Hughes made the informal suggestion that the reparation clauses of the treaty should be the subject of examination by a committee of experts with the realistic object of discovering how much Germany could pay. The suggestion was in effect rejected by France on the obvious ground that it meant the revision of the Treaty, but it has served a useful purpose in subsequent discussions as a test of the underlying objects of that power.

Meanwhile, without waiting for the setting up of the elaborate machinery of commissions of inquiry, two Americans, Messrs. H. M. Moulton and C. E. McGuire of the Institute of Economics, have undertaken on their own account an examination of the question, using the data already existing in the official budgetary figures of the German government and its statistics of foreign trade. They point out in regard to the former, that "since agents of the Reparations Commission, located in Berlin have had access to the German records and have made no report of any attempt to falsify the figures they may be accepted as a trustworthy statement of the budgetary siltuation;" and further, that the figures in regard to foreign trade are so easily checked up with those of other countries that any attempt to falsify the data could be readily detected. Their results are embodied in a clear, succinct, readable statement called Germany's Capacity to Pay, published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York. We shall not give space to pointing out in detail the eminently scientific and workmanlike manner in which the authors have conducted and set forth their investigation, but merely state that it is the most important contribution made by this country to the possible settlement of Europe. It should be read by every American who feels any responsibility for the way in which the force without stint or limit which we lent to the Allies has been and is now being used.

It is in the candid spirit of the patient teacher

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that the authors explain in what manner a foreign national debt can be paid. They dispose of the fallacies that Germany can pay because her national wealth is in excess of the amount of the reparation bill, because the sum demanded amounts to only $12.50 annually per capita, because its collection would increase German taxes only 25 or 30 percent, or because German production is in excess of consumption. They make clear that while a government can pay its debts to its own people out of taxes, its only resource in paying a foreign debt consists in the excess of exports of goods and services to foreigners over the improts of goods and the receipt of services from foreigners. They then proceed to examine the possibility of Germany's commanding this resource by a comparison of the foreign trade of Germany from 1894 to 1913 with that of 1919-1923. They show that in the exceptionally favorable year 1913 "Germany could have paid less than half the annual reparation sum stipulated by the London 'Agreement' of 1921;" that this favorable balance was the result of Germany's possessing property abroad and facilities for rendering services to foreign business which have since been taken from her; that since the war the balance of trade has been against Germany; that such payments as she has made have been the result of the transfer of property, particularly paper marks, to foreigners; that strictly speaking at the present moment and under present conditions Germany can pay nothing. That is the net result of the inquiry into Germany's capacity to pay: nothing.

The authors proceed to dispose of the fallacy so actively disseminated in this country that Germany has already paid nothing. They examine the discrepancy between the credit of $2,000,000,000 to the reparations account admitted by the Allies, and the sum of $11,000,000,000 claimed by Germany, giving as the chief factor in this discrepancy the distinction between what Germany has lost through the seizure of her provinces and the property of her citizens abroad and what is technically considered as reparations. In a carefully tabulated summary they estimate that "the powers represented on the Reparations Commission have acquired capital assets or the fruit of current production, worth to Germany around 25 or 26 billion gold marks." They dispose likewise of the fallacy that Germany has made no sacrifices, through curtailment of consumption and increase of taxation, to meet the requirements of the reparation bill. They tabulate the German budget of 1922-23, showing that 65 percent of the expenditures went to fulfilment of the treaty (including the cost of armies of occupation, interallied commissions, etc.) They discuss the extraordinary difficulties of taxation in Germany concluding that in 1921-22 "perhaps as much as one fourth of the national income" was taken by the government. They measure the sacrifices of the German people by the statement: "In 1921 German per capita consumption was only about five-eighths that of 1913." They examine the conditions under which Germany can keep her population alive and at work in the future and find that indispensable imports of food stuffs and raw materials will amount to 14 billion gold marks. Since the only sums available for reparation must come from exports in excess of that amount they leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions as to the possibility of future payment.

There is no so-called "constructive" program in this book. The authors have fulfilled with extraordinary expedition and thoroughness the suggestion which Mr. Hughes made last December. It is no longer possible to repeat that suggestion as a time-serving or face-saving device. What did Mr. Hughes mean to do with the results of his expert examination? What will he do with them now? On the basis of his reply to Germany in 1921 when she offered to pay to her full capacity and his refusal to fulfill her request to submit her offer to France, we have little hope. His repudiation of his pre-election engagements in regard to the League of Nations shows a weakness and timidity in the face of public opinion which fill us with misgiving. The only possibility, before France sets free the disruptive forces in Germany, is for a group of Americans who have a knowledge of the true situation in Europe and influence with their countrymen to issue a statement defining what must be the ultimate and considered attitude of America toward the crime of making war on an unarmed people for avowed ends which, if justifiable, are impossible of achievement, or in pursuit of concealed objects whose attainment means social chaos in Europe. When it was a matter of helping Europe by entering the war our important citizens were not backward. They met public opinion more than half way. Now it is a question of seeking peace for ourselves and our allies as well as our enemies. Will they speak?

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Two Presidents

I. Warren G. Harding

IT was impossible to know Warren G. Harding and dislike him. It was impossible in these later years to know him and not feel a little sorry for him—sorry for the man confronted with problems so clearly beyond his powers; sorry for the successful occupant of a minor scene called to be the unsuccessful occupant of a major one.

As one entered the big hexagonal room with its white panelled walls and its outlook across an endless tree-shaded lawn, one felt that if fate had been fair, the big grave man standing there behind the mahogany desk would have been a Southerner, would have lived "before the war." With a slave civilization at his back to put an iron hand within this velvet glove, with an hereditary position of power to make him feel something other than an interloper in the seats of the mighty, the gentleness might have been less than a weakness, might have been merely a desirable mannerism of strength instead of the quality in which his whole character was saturated.

Did he ever speculate upon this theme? Certainly there was little of Ohio, little of the shrewd Yankee North about him, even when he was compelled by force of circumstances to do the characteristic Yankee thing he so disliked: to be discreet and evasive. The low rich sonorous voice which seemed to gather momentum of its own as it moved along suggested ample, leisured spaces and a courtlier day than ours. The massive head with whitening hair, broad brow, the firm large nose of one destined from birth for public life, reinforced feeling.

It was one of Fate's weirdest jokes that a government of which this man was head should have locked people up in prison for opposing war. If ever anyone had a truly pacifist and pacific temperament, it was he. The wish to please every one was his besetting emotion, so strong that it clouded his judgment and made him fail to see that this cannot be done, that the sharp quick knife is the kindest weapon. People did not clash with him; they clashed with one another while he looked on. When this happened he was sure that the right formula could reconcile them; that if one found words enough, rivers flowing in opposite directions could be made one stream.

This faith again and again betrayed him. It made him believe, against all common sense, that the railroad presidents would accept a settlement of the shopmen's strike which gave the form to them, the substance to the strikers. When he had tacitly, if not actually accepted the promise on his behalf that he would bring America into the League, this faith in the magic power of words made him quite able, when he found that strong men in the group about him would not permit this, to weave a spell for himself, to convince his heart that no wrong had been committed. Again, his faith in conciliation, in the power of words to wipe out animosities made him hope too much from international conferences such as the one he helped to initiate.

When men failed to meet his good will with their own, when his kindliness was betrayed, he was shocked and bruised as a child struck down by one counted as a friend. He could not understand a universe where men were not replicas of himself. To pursue a principle regardless of the cost in pain, in friendships broken, meant living on a bleak stern height to which he could never ascend.

One who is not loyal to principles is usually loyal to men; and this was true of him. He appointed his most important ambassador in a fit of pique because a newspaper reporter spoke jeeringly of the candidate, a candidate who was after all a friend and had helped to bring about his nomination. He was criticized for bringing so many of his Ohio comrades to important government posts; but after all how could a man of his type go back to Marion and explain to his friends why he had failed to stand by them? His predecessor in office clung to what he at least believed his high principles, and cast aside one by one those who had worked with him. This man clung to his friends and modified his views when it became necessary.

As a dweller in the pleasant valleys, he had an abiding humility. He was happy to be courted as one is who does not expect it or feel that he deserves it. He never knew the nonchalance with which a kaiser accepts homage as his right. To this simple American the cheers which met him as he faced a crowd were a pure delight. Despite the heavy physical exertion, these recent weeks of the journey which killed him were the happiest of his life, at least since 1920 and perhaps for a long time before that. He could not find it in his heart to believe that the cheers were the minimum tribute from a patient people to his office; that the disillusioned, angry farmers of the Middle West applauded with the perfunctory politeness of the bored guest who as he goes assures his hostess he has been delighted.

Being President had changed him both for better and for worse. It is true that he grew into the

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responsibilities of the office; that the pressure of his task called forth new powers. It is also true that he yielded somewhat to the sentimentality which can so easily rise from a President's heart to his head. The Chief Executive is bound to be a victim of spiritual elephantiasis. He is isolated from healthy, tonic criticism; his diet contains too much honey, not enough vinegar. It is impossible not to swell a little when you are subtly reminded a thousand times a day of your own greatness, when your casual cough is worth a hundred feet of motion picture film, and it is a great event in the life of any fellow citizen to be seen coming down a flight of steps with you.

Certainly the republican system no more guarantees that the head of a state shall be a great man than does the monarchial. What then? I cannot agree with those that feel it was a cruel injustice to drag the country editor, the player in the Silver Cornet Band, up into the fierce concentrated glare of the lime-light where his limitations —limitations which did not exist on the plane of Marion—were exposed. It is cruel when a victim, self-deceived and complacent, suddenly has his mask torn away before the mirror. No such tragedy was here involved. He knew most of his own weaknesses as well as did his critics; and recognizing them, he had moved easily upward from point to point along a path which truly was for him the one of least resistance.

More completely than any other president of recent times he was the true representative of the country over which he ruled. Wilson viewed the sorrows of mankind from an icy peak of intellect: Harding struggled and failed as a member of the common majority. He embodied the average man, not as he would like to be, but as he is. Such a figure, so shockingly and suddenly removed from the American scene it would be cruelly unfair to judge by a standard to which he never pretended; or to criticize for failing to live up to an ideal which was never within his reach.

II. Calvin Coolidge

Of the several scenes in which one recalls Calvin Coolidge, the Governor's room in the Boston State House is the one in which he seemed most at home. In the Vice-Presidential office across the corridor from the Senate Chamber at Washington he seemed ill at ease, a Yankee (this word used with reservations which will be explained in a moment) in a land of politicians who were a little too much for him, sleek men whose talk flowed too fast for his pace of assimilation. In Washington, one thought, he felt a little under false pretenses. In a way, he was; and in the same way, he is now still more so. But the governorship of Massachusetts, one felt, was something which lay within the area of his legitimate ambition.

Even as Governor he looked incredibly young; and he looked no older a few weeks ago, sitting across a table in the Senate restaurant and conscientiously recommending the bean soup. A spare frame; a reasonably lean face, which nevertheless is as pink and smooth as though it were plump. Hardly a line anywhere, save the little puckers about the eyes which are the stamped receipt one gets with a farm boyhood. The eyes themselves neither conspicuously bright nor dull, steady and direct in the brief occasions when their owner looks straight at you. Most of the time he looks away, not in evasion, but in shyness.

His taciturnity has become famous in a country whose public men all suffer from a nervous overflow of words. You ask him a question, if you are a newspaper person whose business it is to collect statesmen's opinions on public questions as to which they are often ignorant and usually insincere. You get a brief glance, a rather unfriendly one, with an implicit protest in it against the trouble to which you are putting him, and then he frowns for incredible motionless minutes at the end of a supernaturally long, thin stogie. You begin to count under your breath, in the tempo of a prize fight referee; and you may get to fifty before the answer comes, delivered slowly, condensed into the irreducible minimum of words, a bare skeleton—hardly even an articulated skeleton —of an idea.

This taciturnity is genuine, though it has been reemphasized and built up into an art as artificial as toe-dancing, since he discovered its political value. It springs from a mind not only naturally slow but naturally timid. This is a dangerous and bewildering world, my masters, a world which continually calls upon one to make those dreadful things, decisions. Let us therefore approach them with care and caution, with none of the mad impetuosity of an elephant crossing a bridge. The more slowly you go, the fewer the bridges you'll need to cross.

About such a man there is and can be no trace of the orator, despite the fact that his few brief speeches "read well." President Harding for all his humility knew the autointoxication of the talker. President Coolidge, lacking the humility, lacks also the warm fluidity of mind which throws off words as boiling water bubbles. (To him syllables are pearls: secreted laboriously, one by one, yielded up only with pain.)

Sharing that goodness which is one of the commonest and most overrated virtues of the public man, he sees life in Puritan terms: not the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, but of the Victorian era. His speeches abound in praise of hard

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work, of discipline, of self-immolation for the common good. His preachments on service would be almost masochistic if there were any reason to suppose that they did more than re-echo the current ideology of the Rotary Club.

The sophisticates of Boston have two grievances against this man who is so youthful looking and so completely without a spark of youngness in him. The first is the famous police strike. Despite the fact that it and it alone made him Vice-President, they declare that the part he really played in it was anything but heroic. The other sore point is a series of magazine articles to which he lent his name—articles which made a ridiculous exposure of "Bolshevism in the Colleges," obviously based on material handed him ready-made by some one with a Ralph Easley-frightened mind. Yet, after all, such criticisms as these are of little importance. Whatever he did or did not do in the police strike, here is a man who could only become President by accident. And an accident might have brought him there without the strike, as it brought his predecessor. To the idealist in politics he is only a little more unthinkable than Mr. Harding. It is to his credit that he realizes this accidental quality in his career, even though he cannot admit it in public, under the rule by which no one in high office may say anything which might put a pin into the hero-balloon which demos worships.

Though he recognizes the part accident has played, he is not humble. Probably he thinks of himself as a man of merit for whom fortune has blown favoring gales. So far his Yankee character takes him; for the Yankee—when not too completely a pathological case—always thinks well of himself. To say this, however, is to say too much; for not all of the Yankee character is present. He has the mannerism of New England, but not its matter; as you approach you observe that what looked like native rock is only near-granite after all. The essential thing about the Yankee has been that he has done more than strike an attitude. He has acted upon his convictions. There is no instance in Mr. Coolidge's life of a stand taken against the will of the majority and fought through to the bitter end because it was right.

Mr. Harding's administration was founded on a policy of do nothing. Gradually he moved under the pressure of necessity toward a feeble attempt to resume active participation in world events. I think it is safe to prophesy that the Coolidge administration will begin again where Mr. Harding's did in 1920 and that even greater pressure will be necessary before it is forced into reluctant positive action. Mr. Harding was negative because he desired to please everyone and found himself pulled with equal force in opposite directions. Mr. Coolidge is negative from the inertia of a caution bordering on timidity. Where a Roosevelt goes out hunting for trouble, breaks it to saddle and rides it home, a Coolidge stays within his tent and hopes it will not find him.

This is the normal policy to be expected where moderate intelligence is coupled with low vitality. Mr. Coolidge is not a pessimist, but he finds little joy in life. Though he is willing to capitalize the gift of undeserved reputation which Fate sends him, he knows himself too well to want to be a hero in his own right. He will be lucky, and so will the American people, if he is granted an interlude of peace in which to act out his unspectacular part.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

What Can Great Britain Do?

MR. BALDWIN'S draft note to Germany and M. Poincaré's reply are in most particulars pretty much what every one expected. Mr. Baldwin is feebler than we hoped; Mr. Poincaré is unbending as usual. Only one point in the documents themselves requires comment.

With the object presumably of satisfying the Diehards in his cabinet and in his party, Mr. Baldwin has contingently undertaken to advise Germany to abandon passive resistance. Does Mr. Baldwin understand what responsibility he takes on himself if he gives this advice? There are only two conditions in which he is entitled to take the line of a well meaning third party advising Germany for her own good to abandon her only weapon. He can advise her in this sense in return for a firm and specific promise of fair treatment from France obtained by him as an intermediary. Failing this he has no right to speak unless he is prepared himself to guarantee fair treatment if his advice is taken. The latter guarantee he is not in position to make; for in the first resort he has no sure means at his command to influence France. If his advice was contingent on a specific promise from France and falls to the ground in the absence of such a promise, Mr. Baldwin ought—if only for effect on the feeling in Germany—to have made this clear in his speech. He did not make it clear—rather the contrary. Nevertheless, we must hope that the actual note to be sent to Germany, if any note is sent, will in the face of the present

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position refrain from any such advice. We are in danger of dishonoring ourselves in the same way President Wilson dishonored himself after the armistice. He induced Germany to lay down her arms under the promise of peace based on the fourteen points, and then found himself impotent to carry out his promise. We may be playing on Germany the same trick again if we induce her to give up passive resistance in the expectation of a reasonable settlement.

The position as a whole is as plain as a pikestaff. M. Poincaré thinks it to his advantage that Germany should collapse; he believes that there is a reasonable expectation of this within (say) two months; he feels pretty confident that Mr. Baldwin will do nothing whatever; he is prepared to be reasonably polite with the object of spinning out the conversation for the requisite two months, but he has no intention of making the slightest real concession. Why should he, on his own presuppositions?

M. Poincaré makes two mistakes. The first mistake, namely that the collapse of Germany is to his advantage, is widely appreciated outside of France. Nevertheless, one immediate aspect of it is worth mentioning. The Ruhr is fed by the rest of Germany—at great expense and only by the exercise of the central authority of Berlin. If this authority is broken whether by collapse at the centre or by capitulation at the Ruhr circumference, the organization of food supplies will fail. Suppose that ten million people throw up their hands, submit to France and cry, "We'll do whatever you desire, but feed us." What will M. Poincaré do then? The value of the net surplus of the Ruhr in full prosperity is not enormous; at the present time it is certainly less than nothing. If France were to have the Ruhr thrown on her hands she would not know what to do with it. If Germany breaks down it is then in fact that M. Poincaré's difficulties will begin.

His second mistake may not be a mistake after all. Mr. Baldwin's exaggerated regard for French susceptibilities, the notorious divisions within the British cabinet, the Morning Post and Rothermere press, even the speeches of Lord Grey have combined to persuade M. Poincaré that Great Britain will cling to the Entente at all costs and that he has nothing at all to fear from her as long as he keeps his head. He calculates that the final breakdown in Germany will find the strong silent man in Downing Street still talking.

Who can say that he is wrong? Mr. Baldwin's party is fooled by M. Poincaré, but mainly he fools himself on purpose, because he has no idea what to do next when once he stops fooling. These are indeed problems of extraordinary difficulty. Most people in Mr. Baldwin's place would do the same as he does.

Nevertheless, the problem would be vastly simplified if the British Cabinet could make up its mind which of three broadly alternative policies it means to pursue.

If we are going to do nothing, the sooner we say so, the better. For as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out in the House of Commons, our present indecision merely prolongs the agony.

If we wish to defeat M. Poincaré's policy of producing a breakdown in Germany, no half measures could be useful. We must break the Entente, encourage Germany and get busy to fix up the new diplomatic combinations. This is what Mr. Lloyd George would probably do if he were in power now. I see no prospect of Mr. Baldwin's cabinet adopting such a course.

The remaining alternative is to make one more attempt to act not against France but for France by offering her something which she prefers to her present prospects. Perhaps this is impossible. Nothing but an offer of extreme boldness could have a chance. Let me outline what I would offer France; not because I like it but because if one is to play at all the great game of world politics, one must fling big stakes on the table. Let us tear up all the correspondence to date and propose openly before the world as follows:

If France would agree (1) to evacuate the Ruhr; (2) to fix the nominal German liability at fifty milliards; (3) to allow the rate at which this liability is to be discharged to be determined by a committee of the Reparations Commission on which would sit an American representative with a vote along with the British, French, Italian, and Belgian representatives;

Then Great Britain would agree (1) to cancel all interally debts; (2) to allow the claims of other Allies an absolute priority over her own on future receipts from Germany.

Failing acceptance of this by France, Great Britain would proceed (1) to withdraw her troops from the Rhineland and leave France alone with no aid or sympathy from Great Britain to work out her present policy to its bitter conclusion; (2) to preserve in their entirety the British rights to her share of sums collected from Germany; (3) to require the payment of France's debt to Great Britain up to one hundred percent of France's receipts from Germany from time to time.

The situation is an almost desperate one in which, as a result of the British foreign policy having lacked strength and wisdom for the five years past, M. Poincaré holds nearly all the cards. Unless Mr. Baldwin is more of a man of action than he has shown himself so far, he has not a dog's chance.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London.
(By cable.)

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Charles Greville

THE fortunate generations are the homogeneous ones—those which begin and end comfortably within the boundaries of a single Age. It is the straddlers who are unlucky. Charles Greville was a straddler. His life stretched from 1794 to 1865, so that the active part of it was almost equally divided between two periods of extraordinary discordance—the period of George the Fourth and that of Queen Victoria. The discordance was fatal to him. His character had no strangely marked individuality. He was neither a rebel nor a prophet. He did not, like Lord Melbourne, live to be an anachronism—a homesick voyager from a world that had disappeared. He was amenable to the Time-Spirit; and the fashionable young man who betted at White's and flirted at Almack's and who felt that his wildest dreams had come true when he was given the management of the Duke of York's racing stables, became at last a grave, respectable personage, in black, with a conscience, a follower of Sir Robert Peel and an admirer of the Prince Consort. The transition was complete; but it was ruinous. There were the two stools; where was the man? He himself was aware of a profound discomfort. He thought he was a failure, he complained of his circumstances, his temper grew worse and worse. In his youth he had been "Punch;" he was "the Gruncher" in his old age. On the whole, perhaps his crossness was excusable; perhaps things had been against him; perhaps he was indeed a failure—it certainly looked like it: with all his great abilities, what had he done? What, indeed? was all that he and his friends could echo to that unpleasant question. And yet, by a whim of destiny, the true answer has turned out to be different. Posterity discovered that the disappointed, disagreeable, unsatisfactory man had in reality done a great deal—much more than most of his contemporaries—enough to make him certainly famous and possibly immortal. He had kept a diary.

The diary, which filled ninety-one small quarto volumes (now preserved at the British Museum), was published in three instalments, in 1874, 1885 and 1887, by Henry Reeve, Greville's friend and colleague. Reeve, with great courage and good sense, printed very nearly the whole of the manuscript. His omissions were of three kinds—scandalous stories which might have given pain to persons then living; observations upon the writer's private affairs; and reflections upon the character and conduct of Queen Victoria. Perhaps the time has now come when a really complete edition of the whole work might be produced with advantage; for the years have smoothed down what was agitating and personal half a century ago into harmless history. When the book first appeared, it seemed—even with Reeve's tactful excisions—outrageous. The later Victorians were shocked. Their sharp noses detected at once under the odor of Greville's high-mindedness the pungent whiffs of original sin. He was not as they were; he had been born and bred beneath alien stars; he had come from a strange, undesirable country, ruled by a Regent; he was cynical, malicious and without a heart. To turn from their horrified comments to the Greville Memoirs themselves is almost disappointing. In those essentially sober pages the envenomed wretch of the Victorian imagination is nowhere to be found. To our more impartial vision, the book seems if anything too serious, too measured—a trifle formal and flat. On reflection one can understand the cause of this. It is not so much that the subject-matter—the inner workings of the political machine—seems to demand a certain colorlessness in the treatment; it is rather that this colorlessness inevitably followed from the divided nature of Greville himself. Saint-Simon's subject-matter was the same; yet he has managed to illuminate it with all the colors of the rainbow; but then Saint-Simon was the fortunate child of a homogeneous generation who could express himself with a tremendous wholeheartedness and without a single arrière pensée. With Greville it was otherwise. If, as the Victorians supposed, he had been simply heartless his case would have been less parlous; but he was, in fact, half-hearted, which was a much more serious matter. His fundamental ambiguity obliged him to wince and relent and refrain. And so his book, in spite of its high intelligence, its easy, vigorous writing and its immense historical and social interest remains merely a good book; it is not a great one.

The major part of it is concerned with the mature Greville—the indefatigable newsmonger and sedate politician; and our vision of the earlier incarnation is therefore less distinct. We have a glimpse of him in Oxford, letting himself out of a Christ Church window, to get into a chaise and four and dash to London to see an execution. We catch sight of him a little later at clubs and country-houses—fashionable and extravagant, in an exclusive Tory set. The Duke of Portland was his uncle, and he was properly looked after. He was given a sinecure office, the Secretaryship of Jamaica, and in 1821 he was made Clerk to the

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Privy Council, in which position he remained for the next forty years. His income was at least £4,000 a year, but he ran into debt. He was fascinated by racing and owned a number of race horses himself. On one occasion he was obliged to borrow £3,000 from his uncle the Duke, and when he was at last able to repay the money he provided himself with three Bank of England notes of a thousand pounds each, and went off to discharge the debt. "Oh no, Charles," said the Duke, "keep the money by all means. It will bring you luck." Charles made some show of reluctance and laid the money on the table. Alas! the sight of the bright, clean notes was too much for his Grace, who placed them, neatly folded, in his pocketbook, saying: "Well, Charles, since you insist upon it—" And poor Charles perceived, too late, that a large, untidy bundle of dirty notes would have been more appropriate to the situation.

Another misadventure befell him of a still more unpleasant nature. Some letters disclosing an intrigue between him and a lady were discovered by another lady in a bag which had been left in a shop in Bond Street. The letters flew around everywhere, and Greville was covered with ridicule. The high society of 1824 was delighted by the incident; Punch, they said, was well punished; the whole affair was charmingly absurd; one of the intercepted letters, reported an ambassadress, was "filled with bitter reproaches at his not seeming pleased to hear that the dear little babe had got a tooth." Either for this reason, or for some other, Greville never married.

The transition from fashion to politics was accomplished during the agitations of the Reform bill. Greville was drawn into the vortex; and, having once tasted the delicious fruit of the tree of political knowledge, he found he could eat nothing else for the rest of his life. His intellectual bent asserted itself; he changed his friends, drifting away from his old associates and becoming intimate with the group of men—Tories who were almost Whigs and Whigs who were almost Tories: Lord Palmerston, Lord John, Lord Clarendon, Sir James Graham—who ruled England during the first twenty-five years of Victoria. It is in its picture of those years—the later thirties, the forties and the fifties—that the great value of Greville's journal resides. The details might not be always accurate—for he was sometimes taken in by great ladies or used by Cabinet Ministers to disseminate convenient falsities—but the mass of his information was enormous and it was first-hand. He was not exactly a gossip nor a busybody; he was an extremely inquisitive person, in whom somehow or other it seemed natural for everybody to confide. Thus the broad current of London life flows through his ample pages, and as one turns them over one glides swiftly into the curiously distant world of eighty years ago. A large leisureliness descends upon one and a sense that there is plenty of room and an atmosphere of extraordinary moderation. Reason and instinct, fixity and change, aristocracy and democracy—all these are there, but unaccountably interwoven into a circumambient compromise—a wonderful arrangement of half-lights. One's days pass in endless consultations over the intricate eddies of almost imperceptible crises, and in the intervals one drives in a brougham to Lady Palmerston's party, or listens for five or six hours, entranced, to a speech in the House of Commons, or walks across St. James's Park and takes off one's hat to the Duke. So Greville unrolls his long panorama; then pauses for a little to expatiate in detail on some particular figure in it. His portraits with their sobriety of tone and precision of outline resemble very fine engravings, and will prove perhaps the most enduring portions of his book.

The Gruncher himself could hardly imagine that any of it would endure. He constantly wondered why he continued to keep up the futile diary. His life was a failure; why record it? And the worst of it was, he had only himself to blame. He sat next to Sir Edward Alderson at dinner and "found him a very agreeable man, Senior Wrangler, Senior Medallist, a judge, a wit; a life all of law and letters such as I might have led if I had chosen the good path." But perhaps, after all, the good path was still not inaccessible. He might sell his race-horses, for instance; and, at last, after many hesitations, in 1857 sell them he did. Yet he hardly felt himself the easier. The last relics of youth had gone and old age brought few compensations. His friends, he complained, deserted him; such indeed was his snappishness that one could scarcely be much surprised if they did. "Ah, M. Greville, est-ce que par hasard vous seriez de mauvaise humeur ce soir?" a French lady of his acquaintance was in the habit of asking him. A very old lady told the story of how she had found him, as a child, in floods of tears after dinner, because he had not been given the "liver-wing" of the chicken. Mr. Greville had not changed; he was too old to cry now when he did not get the liver-wing; but he grunched. In January 1865, when he was in his seventy-first year, he paid a visit at Taplow Court where a lady happened to be ill with scarlatina. From Taplow he went to Savernake; but Lady Ailesbury was so much afraid of infection that she would not allow him into the house. Very angry, he went on to an inn at Marlborough, where he slept in a damp bed. Next day he returned with a cold to Taplow, shaking with fury and exclaiming: "I come back here because no one will receive me!" The chill and the vexation together were too much for him, so that by the time he reached London again he was very ill.

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Henry Reeve went to see him in the house he shared with Lord Granville in Bruton Street, and found the old man propped up in a chair, his large face sunk forward, and his small, sharp eyes with that peculiar expression in them which only comes from a life-long observation of horses as well as men, fixed on a small quarto book, which he held in his hand. It was one of the volumes of his diary. When he died, he muttered, Reeve was to have the thing, and do what he liked with it. Soon afterwards Reeve left him; he ate a woodcock for his dinner, and then went to bed, and fell into a sleep from which he never woke.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Halt! Who Comes There?

IT is lodge night for the Olympians, and a dusty row of rubber-tired chariots lines the curb near Centre Hall.

Lodge night for the Olympians plays no favorites; it belongs to both the cities and the towns. Some things you will find alone on Broadway: Spearmint twins who shoulder arms in twenty foot electric lights—swift flashes of an "L" train as it charges across-town—pillowed elbows seven flights above the street, braced against a window-sill to watch the crowds below.

Other things belong to Main Street, sights that Broadway seldom sees: hitching posts and plow stores—church picnics, Old Home Weeks, summer wagons with a red umbrella on a pole.

East is East and West is West. But the roads cross once at Centre Hall. It is a far cry from Harlem River to a canteen in the plains. But Centre Hall has bridged them both, as typical of one as the other.

From the street you climb a flight of stairs to the gateway of Valhalla. There is an average door of varnished oak, concealing on its farther side the Lord High Seneschal: none other, in this case, than Bruno Shafer—clerk by day in the Sheffield Grocery, guardian by night of all that lies beyond the pale. You knock three times; pause for a heart-beat; knock three times again. Panel enough to disclose a lawn tie and two waistcoat buttons opens. "Halt, Stranger! Who comes there?"

"Brother seeking light and council."

"Advance brother. Give the countersign."

Abracadabra . . .Eucalyptus . . . Cornucopia . . . Four syllables, at any rate. The oak door swings slowly on its hinges. There is a hasty and embarrassed fumbling in the dark ante-room for a fraternal handshake. The inner door swings wide upon the shrine of shrines.

It is a great hall that roofs the roller-skating rink downstairs. An organ in one corner vis-à-vis a phosphorescent stove. Chandeliers festooned with paper bunting curled crisp at the edges from the heat of bright electric bulbs. Row on row of folding-chairs, wax yellow, blisteringly bright: upholstered only with vague memories of funerals and Commencement Day. A dais at the room's end, serving as the throne of Charlemagne one night, another as the grotto of Elijah.

For Centre Hall is common ground, the trysting-place of many clans. Olympians have it once a week, on Tuesdays. Wednesdays come the Redmen. Thursdays, the Daughters of Rebecca. Fridays, the Ladies of the Khedive's Palace. Saturday is Odd Fellows night. Sunday night the floor is scrubbed. Mondays come the Knights and Ladies of Granada.

It is a problem, nightly, how to shift the bare accoutrements of Centre Hall to give its empty stretches color for the evening scene. Lodge rituals revolve around the telling of a twice-told tale. King Arthur and his knightly court; Solomon and his temple, the good news brought to Ghent; Archimedes and the fulcrum, Jonah and the whale. For the Olympians, lodge night is a barbecue of the immortals—high on the slope above a vale of Tempe no one here has ever seen.

Jove sits on the dais: Jove in the person of Robert Grasty, vice-president and general manager of Barge & Tuttle, Trucking. Befitting his high office, Jove alone of all the lodge may wear a hat in temple: a tall and slightly concave boulder, chipped from the mould of 1883. Around his shoulders is a purple toga, lightning playing in and out the hem. His comrades salute him with the cry, "Hail, Jupiter!" when they remember not to call him Bob.

Left and right of Jove himself, on smaller thrones less perilously perched, sit those two brothers who drew lots with him to parcel out the universe: Neptune, with a sea-green scarf around his throat and a firm grip upon his trident; Pluto, wrapped in robes of night, dawn breaking gently through the elbows. In a lodge less picturesque than the Olympians they might bear humdrum titles. First and second deacon, possibly. Or first and second warden. They constitute, upon the sometimes faltering attention of the lodge, a first and second mortgage.

Jove raps his chair-arm with a bolt of wooden thunder.

"Brother Mercury!"

A red robe rises near the door.

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"Hail, Jupiter!"

"Your office, Brother Mercury?"

"To see that the approaches to the temple are defended."

"To your duty, boldly."

Mercury advances to the door, red robe following behind him. Two raps. From the ante-room, a muffled echo.

"The approaches to the temple are defended, Jupiter."

"Who stands guard?"

"The Seneschal."

"His station?"

"Outside the inner door, with a drawn sword in his hand."

"So be it."

Another bolt of thunder.

"Brothers, it is my order that Grover Cleveland Temple, No. 867, Commandery 55, District 37, A. A. of O. O., be now declared in session. Brethren will take due notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly."

Fred Corey, near the corner window on the left, whacks two brethren in the row before him. "That means you! Cut out the noise."

"Who's making any noise? Let go my collar."

A sudden low reverberating roar, as Brother Orpheus pulls out the bass stops on the organ. Jove removes his hat. The lodge rises to the opening verse of "Come, Olympians, Now the Happy Hour Strikes." There is a decided tenor from the corner where the professional choristers are grouped; a quick leaping to the trigger for the first words and the Hallelujahs; a rhythmic um-tum-tum to fit forgotten snatches in between.

Jove restores his opera hat. The lodge proceeds to unfinished business.

There is no unfinished business.

"Reports of committees?"

No reports.

"New business?"

No new business.

"We shall proceed to the consecration of new members," Jove announces. "Brother Mercury, see that the mortals in the ante-room are prepared for their ascent to the imperialistic heights."

Mercury departs; to return shortly with three candidates—arms trussed behind them, eyes blinded with a fold. For an hour, now, they have been sitting in the darkness—unaware of one another's presence; nothing to see; nothing to hear except the dim echoes of "Come, Olympians," sung within, and the faint distant rattle of a dumb-waiter ascending with the evening's stock of coffee and ice cream. There is a myth that they should wait half-paralyzed with fear. But A. has been memorizing an impromptu speech for after-dinner. B. has been wishing he could see his watch. C. has been wondering if this is going to be worth the $15 he has paid for it.

"Three mortals from the outer night," announces Mercury, "three mortals who have spent their days in darkness, now seek inner light."

A trifle ill at ease, none too certain there is not a trap-door yawning for a headlong flight, shuffling their feet as if they moved on iron rails, the neophytes are led around the chamber. Lost waifs toiling the Elysian fields: from a dozen unexpected quarters they are halted, challenged, searched; made to kneel, and made to rise; pledged, plighted, covenanted, sworn by all that's holy; wrapped in sheets of canvas, lowered into mattressed graves, mourned as lost, brought back to life miraculously.

"Even as the pilgrim toils through darkness of the night to dawn," intones the hoarse voice of a weary Jove, "even as the shepherd mounts the wooded hill to scan the heavens for the first shafts of a welcome dawn, so, Brothers, do you climb our thrice-blessed mountain."

Jove pauses for a glass of water.

"I say to you—

"Let there be light!"

Comes light in all its glory! Off with broadcloth blindfolds! Unleash the sixty watts of every frosted bulb on Mt. Olympus! Three new brothers blink into the purple robe of Jove.

Through the kitchen doorway sails an appetizing sniff of coffee.

. . . . . .

Lodges multiply by thousands, new ones every day. Redmen, Woodmen, Klansmen, Icemen; Elks, Moose, Eagles, Beagles, Bears.

Insurance benefits, in case of illness; perhaps new customers, embraced as brothers. Yes. And an appeal to instincts usually suppressed. Desire to "belong." Desire to peer inside of anything closed outside: to lift the veil before the shrine. Desire to wear regalia—helmets, togas, sandals, police hats, buttons, bearskins—anything that deifies the human form.

All that counts. But there is more.

Once we had a neighborhood. People lived next door to friends. There was no talk of "community spirit." Communities had it, without trying.

That is less true, nowadays. Friends in cities live a mile apart. Even in the villages, factory, radio, motor car and moving picture are pushing sections of the old communities apart, sandwiching new interests in between.

What are lodges, anyway—for all their Joves and Neptunes, their rituals and their myths of gay dogs who have left their wives at home—but homesick tribesmen hunting their lost clans?

Look at the curb next time you walk past Centre Hall. The dusty row of rubber-tired chariots reaches to the corner. CHARLES MERZ.

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On the Industrial Scrap Heap

I AM—or rather was—cheap labor, the kind which is so largely in demand by industrial corporations and many advocates of unrestricted immigration. I am the kind of man that you see from the windows of trains working with a pick and shovel or lifting pig iron into railroad cars. I wear as a usual thing overalls and a blue or khaki flannel shirt, brogans and underwear and socks according to the state of my pocket book.

But I always wear them on Sundays. To cheap labor socks and underwear are luxuries, not necessities. Until recently I was a little cog—not perhaps so important as a cog, more like a rivet—in the huge industrial machine. Even as late as May I held my place as a rivet, but since then I have been junked, tossed aside on the industrial scrap heap with no past worth mentioning and no future whatsoever. I do, however, have lots of company on my scrap heap and, not because my case is unique but because it is entirely typical, I should like to make people understand *how* cheap labor gets scrapped and what it thinks about scrapping.

My mother died when I was two years old, of consumption and too many babies. My father was even cheaper labor than I have been so that he was quite unable to bring up a family of five adequately. My earliest recollections are of working—of long days under a fiery sun struggling with a hoe twice as tall as I. I was eight or nine then. When I was twelve I went into the coal mines and worked full shifts underground. Black days these were, when the chambers were sometimes full of the voices of the coal and sometimes in spite of our human activity silent with a silence more terrifying than even the unhuman voices.

When I was fifteen I came out of the mines and went to raw logging, which is heavy work even for grown men. The days with the hoe stooped my shoulders and hollowed my chest. The days in the coal filled my lungs with the fine black dust which sooner or later gets nearly every miner. The raw logging enlarged my heart far beyond its natural size. Of course I did not know what I was doing to myself, but if I had, it would have made no difference. Father was cheap labor and his boys had to look after themselves. Also none of us were ever properly fed. The reason for this was twofold. First we did not have money enough to buy anything but the very cheapest and coarsest food and second, even if we had we would not have known what proper food consisted of. The food we did have undernourished me and ruined my digestion.

All these things together have landed me on the scrap heap at the ripe age of twenty-six. The doctors say that in time I may not be altogether useless if I take care of myself. But think of it! At twenty-six, when, according to the apostles of labor, I should be going forth as a strong man rejoicing to run a race, I am bent, broken, cast aside. Since I have survived so far, it is quite on the cards that I shall go on living for at least another twenty-six years, though how I am to live or what is to become of my family is as yet unrevealed to me, and it is quite possible that ignorance in this case is bliss.

Since I have been rusting here on the scrap heap I have had time to think over what I have read and I have come to certain conclusions first and foremost of which is this: The Industrial system is, economically speaking, wasteful of its human material and, humanely speaking, criminally negligent. If I were an exception instead of being a fair sample of the rule I would say nothing against the Industrial system. If the scrap heap were even a small one I should still say nothing, but it is large, larger than one would believe, and beside those of us who are actually, so to speak, in residence there, there are others who in another walk of life would be considered too ill to work, but who are working and "doctoring" at the same time vainly hoping to stave off the scrap heap until some miracle enables them to save enough to keep them from depending on the Charities, Federated, or Associated, or United as the case may be.

We on the scrap heap do not dread poverty, nor cold in moderation, nor even hunger in moderation. All these things are so much a part of our daily lives that they are as unquestioned as the weather. What we dread is charity. Bread that we do not buy for ourselves but that is bought for us by others. Let me tell you that there is infinitely more joy over a sack of coal gleaned from the railroad track than in a ton donated by one of the many well-meaning societies trying to repair the damage done by the system to which they owe at once their existence and their reason for existing.

To go back, however, to my charges against the Industrial system of waste and negligence: still considering myself as a sample, I beg of you to look at me. For eighteen years I have been a producer but only for the last eight has my production obtained any appreciable value. Now at the very time when my output should be at its maximum it is cut off completely. Instead of being a producer I am a consumer—with nothing that I can pay for what I consume. Instead of supporting the system I am a dead weight on its back. Instead of my contributing to it for the next twenty-five or thirty years (and surely a man

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of twenty-six should be able to look forward to at least twenty-five more years of productiveness), it will in all probability have to contribute to me indirectly. And it serves it right for it has squandered me. It took my least instead of my most productive years and in so doing it wasted me.

Let me digress a little. In my mind the state and the system are to a certain degree differentiated. Practically all of us are members of both state and system. The difference lies in this. As members of the state we are equal—one man is like another man (theoretically at least). As members of the system we are entirely unequal—our values differ. Just as each citizen is responsible for the well-being of the state, so the state is, or should be, responsible for the well-being of each citizen. If it is not responsible sooner, it will have to be later. If it had been sooner, my value to the state would more than have repaid my cost to the state. As it is, the reverse is the case. Instead of the state's saving me, the system has squandered me and now the state—that is, organized society—will have to look after me with money paid to it by the system.

I am entitled to this help from the state for two reasons: first, because it is the system's fault that I am junk, and second, because part of the money which the system pays to the state should have been paid to me. Had it been paid to me sooner, it would probably have enabled me to avoid the scrap heap. And certainly I would infinitely prefer taking my pay in the form of money justly paid to me for value received than in the form of charity bestowed upon the deserving poor. I believe that both state and system would, in the long run, have found it cheaper.

So much for the economic side of it. Now for the humane. I have already said that I started in working at night. I had no schooling but grew to early manhood physically weakened and mentally untrained. My pleasures were very few and of the crudest, but such as they were, they were all I could find. Not until I met my wife did I have even the vaguest conception of what a life could hold. I knew no books save an occasional Jim Jams read to me by my sister-in-law. I knew nothing about the theatre—not even what it was. Underclothes were luxuries. Newspapers were principally useful to line shelves. I had heard of Lincoln and Washington, but not of Columbus or Shakespeare. As far as I was aware Europe was one of the United States and the United States itself a monarchy. Hard work, poor meals, an occasional drinking or gambling spree and once in a while a revival meeting or a fight made up my life for years. After I met my wife came three years of awakening mind, three years of struggle against industrial depression and increasing ill-health. Then just when there seemed a chance for steady work and a little mild prosperity, and by prosperity I mean enough food of the right kind and enough clothes of any kind—just when I had learned to appreciate the things that made life worth living came the scrap heap—not through my fault but through the negligence of a system that while constantly calling for labor—*cheap* labor, pick and shovel men, concrete men, pig iron lifters, etc., etc., does not look after the labor it already has, but right and left squanders it and relegates it to the scrap heap even as I am relegated. Next I suppose will come the separation of the family. The state will send me to some hospital, my babies will go to a nursery and my wife back again to work. This is the portion of cheap labor!

A Worker.

Italian Notes

IV.

Gianni in Church

GIANNI is the son of my laundress in Ravenna. He lives in the Via Rasponi on the ground floor of a little house, a narrow place with a tiny court into which the sunlight falls at noon and in the corner of which is a stone trough where his mother and the other women in the house do their washing. Every Friday he brings my biancheria, shining white in a basket like a platter, and stays a moment to tell me about himself, sounding his s's with that kind of whistling lisp that you hear in Romagnuoli. When he grows up, he says, after he has gone some more to school, provided, that is, his mother can keep him there, her back is not very good, he will work in the post-office. If he cannot find a place there, he would like to be a clerk in a store. Gianni has a Romagna face, rather blond, with an open smile, white teeth, yellowish brown hair and wide gray eyes. He looks friendly, honest and not self-conscious. He is strong and healthy and likes to use his mind. In general he is an ordinary Italian boy of thirteen.

Thursday after Corpus Christi in Ravenna there was a great procession that left the Duomo at half past six and marched around the town and back again. The gold light from the west poured down the church as the procession entered and moved toward the altar in the aisle that the four young priests kept open through the press of people. Group after group, banner after banner, blue, red, yellow, white and every color, the town band leading with its horns and drums, priests, seminarians, friars, nuns, boys in black shirts, boys with blue sashes, the endless line of little communicants in their white dresses and veils and wreaths and bouquets of white flowers carrying their

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candles lighted, then the boys and men and youths of the choir in rose and purple, singing, then the priests of the cathedral and the bishop, in vestments of ivory-colored brocade flowered and braided with gold walking under the gold-fringed baldachino, chanting and carrying in their midst the Host in a glittering monstrance, and finally a line of priests in black, without a banner and chanting a response to those walking with the bishop and the Host. For half an hour they came, chanting at the head of the line as it passed by the altar, and again midway the length of the church, and farther away as the end of the procession drew nearer in the streets outside. And over the heads of the crowd you could see the banners moving, pausing for a moment at the great portal and then coming through the air toward the altar, slowly, tilting slightly, like sails. The organ high up in the loft began to play, stealing out over the heads of the people like a soft trumpet and flutes. And outside in the piazza dusk had come on and the windows of the church grew dim.

The procession ended, the banners took their places at the sides of the choir and by the altar. Benediction began. The organ played, the choir sang. Across the carved balcony of the choir loft stretched a hanging of crimson brocade bound with wide gold bands. Crimson brocade with gold hung down the pilasters of the apse and crimson was draped around the arch. Under this arch, high up, was swung a line of crystal chandeliers with lighted candles in them. Lighted candles rose seven feet high from the silver candlesticks on the altar, with lower lights sown thickly beneath them and tapers like stars, and from the silver altar vases bouquets of flowers, red roses and white lilies.

Beside the altar stood the great Byzantine cross, with its equal arms and its plaques o silver. The music stopped and the priest at the altar began to read the service. Clouds of incense rose, above the candles of the altar with their twinkling lights, past the marble and gilt and crimson, and into the shadowed vault of the dome. The priest read, the people made the responses. A bell rang; the Host was elevated. The crowd dropped to their knees. And then the music and the choir began again.

I did not see Gianni in the procession as it passed; but later I saw him standing near the altar with the boys in blue scarfs, looking up, his mother near.

Afterward I thought of him. Gianni was only an ordinary boy of thirteen. If his mother lived and could afford it, he would have a few years more of the kind of education that schools can give. Otherwise he might get work somewhere soon as an apprentice or an errand boy in a shop. And either way he would settle into the life of Ravenna and so run his course. But it was interesting to consider what all this that we had seen at the Duomo might mean to him. I wondered what ideas it might give him.

And even if Gianni never gets these ideas into words —which is a process we have come to think necessary, though it by no means is—he would possess them at least as habit or experience and as extensions in his living. He might possess them vaguely somehow as patterns for living.

It had not been an extraordinary procession. Such a one it was as had repeated itself thus simply from generation to generation and century to century. Gianni's father had seen it every year of his life, no doubt, and his father's father and his father and so on back, everyone in the family except perhaps one uncle Gianni had told me of who deserted his family and ran off and was now in hell. And it was only a friendly community affair after all, among the people, the little communicants, the Franciscans, the priests and sisters, the boys' clubs, the candles, God, the gold and silver and flowers, the evening light.

But from that procession Gianni might know what it is to take part in a society, with everyone together following some idea of pleasure or beauty or devotion; he might learn what it is to be a social member, no matter how narrow and cramped your days are or how few people you can really know and talk with. And this was just as it was with the prayers he said and heard, which set forth certain typical sins of the human race and led the mind of the sinner toward them rather than toward the numberless private varieties of evil that he might stew out of himself; and just as it was with the service he heard repeated in the churches from year to year, always the same and the same all over the world, which led the mind not so much to an individual as to a general and social side of religion.

But the Duomo, as much as anyone in Ravenna did, he owned. From it and his moments in it there flowed into him things he might never be able to describe or even to recognize as ideas in his head; but which would nevertheless have been a part of his existence. He might live in a narrow dark little house, but here there was space, great stretches of stone floor and wall and columns rising up to high arches and to the wide dusk and glow of the ceiling and dome. He might have from that the experience of space, space in things, and space perhaps in thoughts and in actions. There was present here in the lines of the pilasters, in the altar, in the doorways the quality of elegance, a distinction of choice and development that Gianni might never quite recognize though he might learn to resent its absence.

In the Duomo there was to be seen the use and integrity of materials, the hard lines of stone left hard, the rich texture of silk, the luxury and biting suavity of gold and gilding, the paler and more accessible ornament of silver, and the softened permanence of wood; in all of them the essential nature of the material worked in was brought to the service of the end desired.

In the shadows, the lights, the motions, the music, used to express what was in the breast of the people kneeling there, Gianni might get a sense of the extension beyond words and speech of a part of human living, and so be ready always to admit in himself and in all life the presence and possibility of an element elusive and invisible but no less real on that account. From that ancient cross gleaming with its silver plaques in the altar light, and the antique marbles here and there, he might feel the oneness of time and of men's thoughts and hopes. And though all his life he goes about clothed in poor worsted as he does now and though he is cramped into a narrow channel of modern labor and never has much chance at all to grow or spread, Gianni from the great spaces there in the Duomo, the carved and painted and gilded wood, the brocade and crystal and marble, and the superb sweep of those columns and arches, will neverthees have had the idea of magnificence.

STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Undying Armenia

SIR: The sordidness underlying the World War is once more emphasized by the treaty which the Allies and the Turks have signed at Lausanne.

Not to be outdone by the European politicians in the greedy hunt for concessions, the observing representatives of the United States also, after due lip-service to the rights of the unfortunate Armenians and the Greeks, seem ready to bargain with the Turks.

Professedly the Allied and Associated Powers fought to make the world safe for democracy. But they have made it safe only for barbarism and tyranny. Before the war there were, besides Cilicia—known as Armenia-Minor—six Armenian provinces—Harpoot, Van, Bitlis, Erzerum, Diarbekr and Sivas. Now, after the Allied victory, the Armenians, who relatively contributed more to the success of the Allied cause than any other people, are forced to seek refuge in Syria and elsewhere.

Turkey, in siding with the Central Powers, not only protracted the World War by two years, but also dragged the United States into the bloody maelstrom. But now the Turk, who disdains the Christian world, as a victor, is rewarded for his arrogance, while Germany is punished because, as is alleged, she has neither repented nor admitted her defeat. It cannot be held that the Turks have suddenly reformed and become a civilized people. The war that has deteriorated even the Europeans could not have civilized the Turks.

For six hundred years the Turks have produced nothing, but have destroyed everything. The whole world well knows that having no artisans, no merchants, no farmers, the Turks are wholly uncapable of leading a civilized life. Obviously it is the hope of the Europeans to fall heir to these rich and fertile lands, after the Turks have completely denuded them of Armenians and Greeks. Vain hope! Armenia has survived many powerful empires, such as Assyria, Babylonia and Chaldea. She will, no doubt, continue to exist long after the drone Turks and their European allies have ceased to trouble her, because on her head lies not "the curse of ruined lands."

New York City. ARSHAG MAHDESIAN.

The Superiority Doctrine

SIR: In a late issue Professor McDougall construes the "superiority doctrine" to mean "that the upper social strata, as compared with the lower, contain a larger proportion of persons of superior natural endowments." In another place he refers to the effect of the social ladder as having concentrated the talent of the nation upon the upper levels, leaving the lower levels depleted of this talent. Apparently the two ideas are thought of as complementary, whereas the one may be true and the other false. Obviously much depends upon the size of the strata under comparison, for a marked disproportion of superior ability in a small fraction of the population may well coexist with a preponderance of it in the larger part figured in absolute numbers. Since the object of our solicitude is not social strata but the nation's supply of ability the distinction it is worth a moment's attention.

Just what do the proponents of the superiority doctrine envisage when they refer to the upper strata. Are they not, presumably, the well-to-do? Suppose we set an income of over $5,000 in 1918 as the line of cleavage between the upper and lower social levels. Let us be quite generous with the upper group and credit it with army test intelligence equivalent to that of a representative contingent of medical men in the service during the war, a group that is believed to be typical of the profession at large in this country. For argument's sake we will suppose that the army examinations were tests of endowments, as upholders of the superiority doctrine have asserted, although the facts seem to favor a contrary notion. The percent of A grade men in the medical group was 27. Let us be correspondingly conservative with the lower strata and credit them with no more than the average of the white draft, which was for A grade men 4.1 percent. This will not be unfair, for an insignificant fraction of the draft is destined to receive an income of $5,000 or its equivalent.

According to the National Bureau of Economic Research, there were in 1918 income receivers of over $5,000 to the number of 842,458. These constitute our upper strata by definition. The balance of income receivers, after deduction, the whole number of Negroes gainfully employed (13.6 percent in 1910) approximately is 31,000,000. These make up our lower strata. Multiplying the totals by the percent distributions for the A grade, we have the following result: Of all A grade members of the working population there are located in the upper strata 15 percent; in the lower strata, 85 percent.

But perhaps the line of demarcation has been set too high. Let us fix it at $3,000 in 1918, again assigning all Negroes to the lower group and deducting them. Then the result reads: Of all A grade members of the working population there are located in the upper strata 33 percent; in the lower strata, 66 percent. The dividing line between the two levels may yet be lowered to the $2,000 mark without—in fairness to the probabilities—crediting the upper group with the greater share of the nation's superior ability measured in terms of the army test intelligence. The figures may be juggled in any reasonable way and still leave unaltered the fundamental fact that the principal repository of better ability consists of the lower social levels as these are ordinarily conceived by the members of the well-to-do classes. Believers in a monopoly of talent on the part of the upper social strata so-called will have to look otherwise than to the army data for support of their doctrine.

Under the circumstances would it not be fitting to direct some part of the solicitude that has been spent upon the upper social strata as the principal carriers of the nation's fund of talent towards the real source of supply? A still more reasonable alternative would doubtless be to set aside the overcrowded army data as quite irrelevant to the issue and to confess ignorance in the absence of sufficient fact. PERCY E. DAVIDSON.

Stanford University.

An Amherst Alumnus Comments

SIR: As a graduate of Amherst, I have followed with a great deal of interest and sympathy the various articles in the press on the situation at Amherst, brought about by the removal of President Meiklejohn. With interest because as analumnus of the college under the regime of President Meiklejohn, I have connected everything fine educationally with his name. And with sympathy because the interest of these articles has been preeminently to arrive at the truth of the matter in the interest of American education.

Of all the numerous articles on the subject, it is my honest opinion that the letter of James Scott in the correspondence columns of The New Republic of July 18th is the fairest, truest, and most unbiased statement of the case yet presented. The questions which it raises are exactly the questions which we younger alumni, disciples of President Meiklejohn, want the trustees of Amherst College to answer. And we have a right to an answer. How would the trustees manage or would they serve this "academic bourgeois," of which Mr. Scott speaks and of which he rightly makes so much, for there is the real stumbling block in education today. Our venerable professors, God bless them, do not know when to retire.

The trustees sit calmly by, waiting for matters to smooth over. Let us, on the other hand, see how long we can keep the pot boiling. It might some day boil over. LEONARD N. SEYMOUR.

Elgin, Nebraska.

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Books and Things

IS there anything left nowadays which a man must have courage if he would say a good word for? I think that there still are such things, and that Mr. John Hunter Sedgwick has hit upon two or three of them. In an article about Thackeray, published in the Boston Transcript (Saturday, July 28th), Mr. Sedgwick says: "He was a man of opulent talents and opulent tastes, loved beautiful, rich spectacles and the seemly comfort which no ascetic has ever made seem inconsistent with virtue and honor." Thackeray was a man who believed in elegance, and to whom a taste for it came naturally, though he sadly dissipated its effect by an undeniable diffuseness, yet when he is filled with the sense of the tragi-comedy or stimulated with irony, the irony that can swallow its tears and not for all that smile too broadly, he can use words with a splendid elegance that has no splay or profuse reiterations. Thackeray, "the clubman, the man of the world, the satirist, did not spend his time in thanking heaven that potatoes tasted so much better than peaches, and herein we reckon that he was rather more on the side of the angels and fact than are some of those who today would describe him as reactionary." In telling ourselves what we think about Thackeray, Mr. Sedgwick reminds us, "it helps not a little to bear in mind that the spectacle of a man of the world is as a red rag to a bull for many whose conduct and satisfaction with their own integrity are perfect."

Seemly comfort, elegance, men of the world—so uncommon is it just now to come across in print a defender of these things that I could wish Mr. Sedgwick had defended them at greater length and when he was more at leisure. Had he done so he might not have found room for his remarks upon Thackeray as a cynic, which strike me as a trifle archaic. In one of Mr. G. E. Street's earlier books, The Trials of the Bantocks, there is a scene in which the new governess, at luncheon, maintains that Mrs. Bantock is mistaken when she accuses Thackeray of cynicism. Such was the correct opinion in Mrs. Bantock's day. That is why it was hers. But today? Thirty-five years ago, when I was at Harvard, Dean Briggs dealt one morning with Thackeray's cynicism in a manner which would have converted even Mrs. Bantock. At present, when Thackeray's cynicism is perceptible to nobody who doesn't also believe in Dickens's vulgarity, I don't suppose Dean Briggs thinks the subject worth his while. And it isn't worth Mr. Sedgwick's. I had far rather hear him discourse upon Thackeray as a man of the world.

Man of the world is one of those vague terms which can stand a lot of illustration, can stand everything except definition, which nothing can stand. Thackeray was in one sense a man of the world he knew, because he knew it. But he was a man of the world divided against himself. Although he respected money and great place and good breeding he disdained the ways in which most of us evince our respect for the first two. His emphasis upon his disdain is a token of his uneasiness, of his failure to imagine to his own satisfaction the attitude which should be taken to position and money by persons who haven't inherited these advantages. Of course I don't mean that he was under any obligation to imagine an attitude that would satisfy his idea both of seemliness and of good sense. But in so far as he couldn't imagine it, in so far as this disability bothered him, he wasn't so good a man of the world as Horace, Jane Austen, Samuel Butler or Mr. Bernard Shaw. It is a man of the world's business not only to see the facts of his world as they are, but quite clearly to know his own mind about them.

One cannot help suspecting Thackeray of being equally uncertain what he thought or how he felt about sex. Of course he was acquainted with most of the facts. As Mr. Sedgwick says: "A man that knew Piccadilly and the Rue de Rivoli as well as he did cannot have believed, for instance, that the bachelor Pendennis was the male version of the lady in Comus that he is represented to be." Mr. Sedgwick thinks Thackeray may have refrained from representing this side of life "because he believed that it was his duty" to refrain. "Had he chosen, Thackeray could have handled this part of his picture in a thoroughly modern way." I wonder whether that is quite true? I wonder whether Thackeray's chivalry was not ever so little tainted with conviction that to a pure woman's taste there must be something not quite agreeable in physical relations; whether he did not obey with some exaggeration Carlyle's order not to prate, even to oneself, of secrets known to all; whether he didn't believe that no high-minded Christian gentleman ever desired a lady until he and she were in the place where Mrs. Aphra Behn "fairly put all her characters?" One can do no more than make a guess, to be sure. Mine is that some such feeling as I have imputed to Thackeray, and not his sense of duty only, is a likely explanation of his thinness when he represents "the great constringent relation."

As for Thackeray's diffuseness, Mr. Sedgwick says "we must consider that when he had lost his money, he had to write, and to write a certain quantity because he did it for newspapers, and these organs have certain exigencies purely mechanical. His was a beefier age than this and took its literature in large slices. Besides, when a writer has a great facility, prolific thought and a great power of appreciation and reflection, it is not surprising that all he wishes to say may be in volume more than we wish to read . . . He could not polish a sentence and then stroll in the garden." Here I take the liberty of supposing that Mr. Sedgwick has not said quite what he meant, for who will maintain that Thackeray's sentences would be the better for polish? They do not need "Attic emery and oil." They are perfect as they are. They have an inward grace, the ease of golden numbers, a limpid flow. If they bore us when they interrupt the narrative in order to express Thackeray's reflections upon life, our boredom is never due to the fact that he hadn't time to polish them. Perhaps we shouldn't be bored, even now when it is not the fashion for a novelist to free his mind so explicitly, if Thackeray's mind had secreted "prolific thought." We could stand a good deal of mere opinion from a novelist if he happened to have a mind as good as Goethe's or Pascal's.

The little that Thackeray had to say as a satirist he said in an incomparable series of persons and dialogues, ringing endless changes that don't lose their freshness upon a few themes. Even with the mind that God gave him he was a humorist of the first order. Not mind but inspiration from on high was his guide whenever he chose a proper name. Even in his leisured day there cannot have been many better companions on a journey. And how many persons can you think of from whom you'd rather get a letter if some one you loved and he loved had just died?

P. L.

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Fruit from Old Trees

De Senectute, by Frederic Harrison. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

More Books on the Table, by Edmund Gosse, C. B., New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

THE men who represent the interests, points of view and culture of the Victorian age are a sadly diminished band. Of the two books before us the first brings a long career to a close; the second presents the ripened fruit of old age. Frederic Harrison was the last and one of the foremost exponents of the religion which was distinctly Victorian, the faith erected on the foundation of science. As the authorized expositor of Comte and the high priest of Positivism, he preached Sunday after Sunday in Newton Hall the religion of humanity. Edmund Gosse has devoted his long life to the study of literature, and as Lecturer on English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge and Librarian of the House of Lords he came to occupy the position of official man of letters to the period.

De Senectute is a book of miscellaneous gathering. It begins with a dialogue on the title theme and closes with A Philosophic Synthesis after Comte. Every one remembers as one of Matthew Arnold's gayest performances his humble acceptance of Mr. Harrison's strictures upon his failure to present "a philosophy with coherent, interdependent, subordinate and derivative principles." It is clear that Mr. Harrison rejoiced in just such a detailed grasp of this sorry scheme of things entire. His criticism was largely directed in subject matter and approach by his philosophic mind. Even his discussion of a purely literary topic such as Greek and Elizabethan Tragedy moves with the formal precision of a dress parade.

The minor studies in the volume are chiefly centenary tributes and other occasional pieces, which need not be taken too seriously except as they remind us of Mr. Harrison's limitations as critic, revealed in his earlier essays. Harrison was the Philistine among the radicals. Matthew Arnold found him along with Mr. Bright, Mr. Roebuck, and the young lions of the Daily Telegraph a perfect example of the obsession of machinery. On a happy occasion he caught Mr. Harrison saying: "Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day is the cant about culture . . . The man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive . . . The active exercise of politics requires common sense, sympathy, trust, resolution, and enthusiasm, qualities which your man of culture has carefully rooted up, lest they damage the delicacy of his critical olfactories." With this attitude and preoccupation Harrison concerns himself largely with external and practical functions of literature so much so that his critical olfactories seem to be quite atrophied. His essay on Charles Kingsley is an example. In his final tribute to the rhapsodic evangelical, "of whom not a word ever fell from his voice, in his public or private writing, but what will long remain to do honor to his memory," he forgets what he has said in an earlier essay of Kingsley's "shallow inaugural lecture" as Professor of History at Cambridge; and "his miserable duel with Cardinal Newman by whom he was so shamefully worsted." Fundamentally Kingsley and Harrison were much alike, advocates of a robust faith whether muscular Christianity or muscular Positivism. Both were fundamentally Hebraists. Frederic Harrison's last word to The New Age is spoken in the spirit of Carlyle with the voice of Walter Rathenau:

> After the greatest cataclysm in recorded history—a moral and material deluge—we come to this, that our civilization will be drowned out unless it set itself anew to work—to work in a right spirit and to a right end. Not to work, as we have hitherto done, at our amusements, luxuries and vices. But to abolish Idleness, eliminate all forms of Idle Classes, make it felt that idleness is a social crime, that an idle class is a crowd of wasters —a Class of Undesirables."

Mr. Edmund Gosse, we fear, does not spend his Sundays in the exemplary fashion of Mr. Harrison. More Books on the Table includes further selections from his column in the London Times Literary Supplement—Sunday Walks, the direction determined by the temperature and weather provided by the publishers—rambles down the highways of letters or excursions into its by-paths. But whether Mr. Gosse chooses the boulevards or some long buried country lane, he has the eye of the accomplished flaneur or of the literary naturalist for little, strange, amusing and important things, whether in the shop windows or the hedgerows. And he has the joy of the impenitent Sabbath-breaker. "My object is not to teach," he says, "but if I may be fortunate enough to do so, to pass on to others the pleasure which I have experienced."

One cannot help suspecting that both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Gosse were impelled in these gatherings to show forth the range of their interests and the miscellaneous eclecticism of their virtuosity. As might be expected, Mr. Gosse, the professional man of the world of letters, is led much farther afield by his curiosity and excited by his finds to greater gusto. He ranges from the forgotten sophist Herodes to Edgar Lee Masters, taking in Beowulf, Charles Cotton, the Metaphysical Poets, Mark Akenside, Leigh Hunt, Coventry Patmore, Gérard de Nerval and the Shropshire Lad, and paying particular attention to the obscure figures of parody and burlesque, Ben Gualtier and the Oxford Sausage. He loyally kisses hands in the first paper on Queen Victoria, and courteously raises his hat to Matthew Arnold in the last. We may suspect a little pique in his admission that the latter's determined reticence balks even so keen a scent for gossip as his own. "Who was she?" he demands in respect to Marguerite of Switzerland, "And what were the young poet's relations to her? *We do not know.*" (Italics supplied by me.) However, he finds compensation in learning all about Molière's friend, Honorée de Bussy, and Sterne's friend, Eliza Draper. In one typical respect his tolerance exceeds Mr. Harrison's. The latter declares as one who knows human nature, "Few women can read Smollett with patience, and I would not recommend men to read him, unless they can bear the brutalities of Fielding's Jonathan Wild." Mr. Gosse mildly concedes to Mr. Masters' Domesday Book that it is not "a book which a young girl of the present day would be well advised to lend to her grandmother." It is clear that as a literary critic, Mr. Harrison passed into stone about the time of George Eliot's death, striking, it is true, a very noble attitude. As for Mr. Gosse, he is living still with the vitality and vivacity of Tithonus. And we have the good hope that he will continue to live as long as the food supply holds out. While there are books there is Gosse!

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Apologetic Mr. Bok

A Man from Maine, by Edward W. Bok. New York: Scribner's. $3.00.

EDWARD W. BOK has recently done a thing even more interesting, to the student of human nature, than offering $100,000 for a peace plan. He has written a curiously apologetic biography of his famous father-in-law, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, millionaire publisher of three triumphantly successful magazines and two important newspapers. Mr. Bok is himself a millionaire; and was for thirty years editor of Mr. Curtis's best-known periodical, the Ladies' Home Journal. Philadelphia certainly holds no two citizens more upright, more respected, than Mr. Curtis and Mr. Bok. Why, then, should the latter's biography of the former, recently published by Scribner's under the title, A Man from Maine, be such a queerly defensive piece of work?

Mr. Bok evidently feels moved to guard his hero from some sort of attack, though he gives no evidence that any such attack has ever been made. Over and over he insists upon the romantic character of Mr. Curtis's career—insists until hardly the dullest reader could fail to remark that the author must be trying to convince not his audience but himself:

> You see an amazing metamorphosis [he writes on p. XII] of the buyer of a few papers becoming the seller of millions. . . . . What is this if it is not romance? . . . . . What is this if it is not adventure of the most adventuresome order?
>
> Business [he continues, p. XIV] is a great adventure . . . a game so full of romance and adventure as to surpass the imagination of the greatest fictionist . . . . .
>
> Exactly forty years thereafter [he goes on to say, p. 44] the young man who had stood with such rapt admiration looking at the achievement attributed to George W. Childs became the owner of the building, the newspaper which it housed, and all the machinery in it! . . . . . No romance in business? Pray, what is that?

Well, the present writer for one is quite prepared to believe that business may be as romantic as the Three Musketeers—for the small minority which gets out on top, which does the planning and directs the fighting; but he will never be convinced that this is so by the words of a gentleman who doth protest so much and so anxiously. Neither will anyone be convinced against his will by such a plain, dull tale as the story of the Man from Maine.

For if there is indeed any glamor to the career of Mr. Curtis; if his success has in it any quality of picturesqueness, strangeness, romance, then the biographer, despite his almost frenzied effort, has failed to get it into his pages. Coming after that delicious revelation, the Americanization of Edward Bok, this book seems as prosy as a report of the research division of the Curtis advertising department on the national distribution of the Augustin Schmalz Pickle Works of Cleveland, makers of Sourcrunch Pickles and candidates for six pages annually in the Saturday Evening Post. The well known facts in Mr. Curtis's career are all recited duly and properly; but the great secret, whatever it is, eludes the author. One moment his hero is a penniless youth working on a moribund paper in Philadelphia; the the stereopticon goes out of focus for an instant and at once we see him spending a quarter of a million a year to advertise the Ladies' Home Journal. The gap is never filled; Mr. Curtis's great secret, if he has one, remains as obscure as ever.

Yet surely there must be a nugget of gold somewhere in the gravel. Mr. Curtis, Mr. Bok and Mr. Lorimer, among them, have read the mind of America perhaps better than any other three men of their generation. They once knew not only what the common people ought to want, but—far more difficult—what they actually do want. They have not merely reflected Main Street, which is comparatively easy; they have turned the far more difficult trick of forcing Main Street to reflect again their reflection of it. The modern business man of the Babbitt school, with his hustle, his horn rims, his faith in desk mottoes, is at least as much the result of the Saturday Evening Post as its cause. As for the Ladies' Home Journal, when it was in its prime under Mr. Bok, a whole nation's womanfolk rose by it, used cretonne curtains or burlap drapes as he crooked one little finger or another, at night retired by rote to old ivory twin beds and to slumber doubly satisfied by the knowledge that Mr. Bok's Good Taste was seeing them through.

Here certainly is something worth writing about; and in his autobiography, Mr. Bok has discussed it in fascinating terms. But what part Mr. Curtis had in it, or whether he had any, we are left to guess. We see the great publisher in his hours of relaxation, on board his yacht, or playing the magnificent pipe organ in his home. We learn how he built up the choir in one church after another as he moved from city to city in his earlier days. We discover that he never reads a business document more than a page long; and that having once unwittingly discharged a man unfairly, he hastened from Philadelphia to New York to apologize and reinstate the victim. We can piece together from these glimpses a mosaic portrait of an honest, upright man, both Yankee and Puritan, somewhat inflexible, steady as a rock. A respectable figure, but not the maker of millions, the inventor of new journalistic forms, sovereign of a principality of print. If we were forced to stop where Mr. Bok stops, we should have to conclude that Mr. Curtis is on the whole a somewhat baffled and frustrated figure, by no means wholly happy, and certainly without the inward contentment which comes when a man has put his personality into play in that segment of the world he likes best.

Mr. Bok's mediaeval trappings of romance are so completely incongruous, draped upon this sturdy figure, that one is forced to look for the reason. It is perhaps not impertinent to recall that the former editor of the Ladies' Home Journal resigned that post when still in the primest middle life, to devote his time to the public welfare. In the few years since then he has made himself easily Philadelphia's most important citizen; his curtailment of his business career has more than justified itself—and yet! a painter, poet, novelist, musician would not halt thus in mid-flight to turn in a direction altogether new. Is it not evident that the business career he so belabors with his gilding brush has not proved altogether satisfactory to Mr. Bok? Does it not seem clear that when he over-argues the romantic side of the millionaire's career the one he really seeks to convince is himself, who knows all too well and reluctantly that the sort of activities he praises is not such as can engage to the full the spiritual and mental powers of a strong man? B. B.

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The Holy Alliance

The Holy Alliance: The European Background of the Monroe Doctrine, by W. P. Cresson. New York: The Oxford University Press. $1.50.

IT is a common error to suppose that only in our day have men seriously considered measures for the federation of Europe as a means of preventing useless wars, that is to say wars. The ideal of European unity is older than the ideal of egoistic nationalism. From the sixteenth century, when the rise of powerful secular states destroyed the measure of unity which the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Catholic Church had preserved from Roman times, one can trace the effort to reconstruct this broken unity by means of great peace congresses, by endeavoring to found international relations on the law of nature or of God, and by innumerable idealistic projects for federation, disarmament, courts of arbitration, binding agreements to guarantee the territorial integrity of each and all, and the like.

Never were these aspirations and schemes more in evidence than at the close and after the Napoleonic wars. Twenty-five years of useless war seemed to the men of those days quite enough. Never again! The phrases "reconstruction of Europe on the basis of peace and justice," "League of Nations," "Concert of Europe," were common then as now. Alexander I was the "visionary" of those days, admired by many, feared by some, in any case the central figure of the play. He had long urged a federation of Europe.

> After having experienced the drawbacks and inconveniences of a complete—though precarious and illusory—independent existence, the majority of powers would probably desire to belong to such a League. This would not only guarantee as far as possible their external tranquility and safety, but also . . . would offer them internal guarantees of protection . . . . It might also be advisable if possible to provide that each state should consist of homogeneous people in agreement among themselves and with the government that rules them. (*Alexander's Instructions to Novosiltzov, 1805.*)

It is true that Alexander's idealism was at any moment likely to be displaced by aggressive nationalistic ambition; but in 1815 the mystical side of his nature was in the ascendant, and his idea of a European federation found expression at that time in the famous document known as the Holy Alliance, a treaty signed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and later adhered to by most of the rulers of Europe. But quite apart from this treaty were the various treaties of 1814 and 1815 by which the four great powers of Austria, Russia, Great Britain, and Prussia allied themselves for the special purpose of defending themselves against France, and for the general purpose of maintaining the peace and equilibrium of Europe. On the basis of these treaties the powers made an effort, until 1825 a rather serious effort, to maintain the "Settlement of 1815" and preserve the peace by concerned action, the aim being to replace the old system of the "balance of power," by a system known as the "Concert of Europe."

Of this phase of international history, Mr. W. A. Phillips gave us an admirable study some years ago in his Confederation of Europe. Mr. Cresson's book deals with the same subject, on the whole much less clearly and with less penetration. He has been able to use some unprinted material from the Russian archives, especially in connection with the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle and Troppeau; he has treated the subject more particularly from the point of view of Alexander and his ideal of the Holy Alliance; and he has endeavored to disengage those aspects of the subject which had a particular relation to the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine. The general conclusion which emerges is the traditional one; that the "Holy Alliance" was a thoroughly reactionary movement, dominated by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and designed to suppress all liberal movements; and that the United States did well in refusing to meddle with it and in refusing to permit it to extend its operations to the new world. Mr. Cresson is further convinced that "in the light of a renewed study of the events which led to the Monroe manifesto, the motives underlying recent policy tend to justify themselves as the continuing result of historical experience."

That is as it may be. I do not think Mr. Cresson's book will convince anyone who was not already convinced. The merit of his book is in its rather full treatment of the origins of Alexander's ideas for the federation of Europe (although he might with advantage have used the works of Edmond Driault which are apparently unknown to him), and in throwing some new light on the "reception of the Holy Alliance." The defect of the book is that it does nothing to correct the popular confusion of the Holy Alliance properly so-called with the other those of Castlereagh accepted. This was the end of the powers subsequent to 1815 were actually based. Alexander's Holy Alliance treaty of September, 1815, the most idealistic state paper ever struck off by the hand of man, is a brief document which contains nothing except the assertion that the signatories bind themselves to base their policy, both domestic and foreign, upon the precepts of the gospel of Christ. Probably no one took it seriously except Alexander, and even Alexander took it seriously only for a short time. In 1818, at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, he made an effort to get it reformulated in more concrete and practicable terms. His proposals were rejected and those of Castlereagh accepted. This was the end of the Holy Alliance for all practical purposes—the last attempt, as Castelreigh said, to "provide the transparent soul of the Holy Alliance with a body." Alexander was himself already beginning to be disillusioned, and by 1820 he had renounced the idealism of 1815. At Troppeau he placed himself unreservedly in Metternich's hands: "I regret all that I said and did between 1815 and 1818. . . . . Tell me what you want, and what you want of me, and I will do it."

The Holy Alliance was one thing and the Concert of Europe another, and no advantage is gained by confusing them. The difference was clearly noted by Castlereagh in his reply to Alexander's memorial at Aix-la-Chapelle:

> The benign principles of the Alliance of September 26, 1815, may be considered as constituting the European system in matter of political conscience. It would, however, be derogatory to this solemn act of the sovereigns to mix its discussions with the ordinary diplomatic obligations which bind state to state, and which are to be looked for alone in the treaties which have been concluded in the accustomed form.

This not only points the difference between the Concert of Europe and the Holy Alliance, but it indicates with sufficient clearness why the liberal ideas of Alexander for a League of Nations failed. Then as now statesmen were far too averse to mixing political conscience and political obligation.

CARL BECKER.

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The Case of Mr. George

Her Unwelcome Husband, by W. L. George. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

IT was Mr. George himself, I believe, in an essay published in the Bookman many years ago, who first defined the group which later most of us came to accept as "the younger English novelists." This group contained, besides Mr. George, such divers talents as D. H. Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie, Frank Swinnerton, J. D. Beresford, Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, E. M. Forster, and possibly Somerset Maugham and Oliver Onions. It was never a coherent group—many of the members had little in common aside from the fact that they were Englishmen of about the same age writing realistic novels—but it was interesting—while it lasted. It has been becoming passé for a long time. And just now, one may announce, it is dead—dead as Cheops.

Mr. Lawrence in 1914 or thereabouts was writing novels like Sons and Lovers; now he attempts to prove that the solar plexus is the seat of human emotion in humorless pseudo-scientific drivel like Fantasia of the Unconscious. Mr. Mackenzie has stopped writing valid and authentic books like Carnival and gives us instead filmy society romances designed for Harper's Bazar. To mention Mr. Swinnerton is merely to recall the inevitable Nocturne and be wistfully reminiscent: Mr. Swinnerton will never live down his one distinguished novel. Mr. Beresford, like Mr. Lawrence, was bogged a few years ago in the morass of psycho-analysis, and has not yet emerged—and Mr. Beresford once wrote the Jacob Stahl trilogy. Mr. Walpole long years ago did The Green Mirror and Fortitude; now he writes vapid romances like The Young Enchanted, weighty Victorian treatises like The Cathedral, and pretty little stories about dogs for the Pictorial Review. Mr. Forster has done nothing of importance since his memorable Howard's End. Mr. Maugham, aside from his superb short story Miss Thompson, is doing his best work now in the drama. Mr. Cannan and Mr. Onions, so far as one can observe on this side of the Atlantic, have simply evaporated.

And Mr. George himself—alas, Mr. George himself! Mr. George, where once he did firm and reliant novels like The Second Blooming and The Little Beloved, today writes countless hollow magazine articles on women, an almost prurient novel like Ursula Trent, and a daily syndicated newspaper feature called At Woman's Window. And to cap his record he has lately committed a book with the title Her Unwelcome Husband.

The case of Mr. George merits some investigation. In common with many members of his group, he has practically collapsed as a significant literary artist. For the group one can adduce various reasons. What for Mr. George? Well, one may say that he was ruined by Woman. Look back a few years.

Early in his career, before 1910, Mr. George was an economist, writing sociological and political treatises like Eddies of the Day and Engines of Social Progress. An inveterate propagandist, he searched around for better media to distribute his messages. And while writing a paper on prostitution, so he tells us, he got the idea that he could reach a far bigger audience far more effectively by fictionizing his themes. Thus A Bed of Roses appeared, a novel primarily propaganda which was also, miraculously, capable literary art. This must have given Mr. George pause. He discovered that he could write novels. And in long succession novels on sociological subjects began to fall from his pen.

There was The Stranger's Wedding—a compelling ornamentation on the theme of social class. There was The Little Beloved, an amazingly vital and brilliant novel concerning the racial differences between Gaul and Saxon. There was Until the Day Break, about anarchism. And Caliban, about newspapers. And Blind Alley which remains, I think, the best novel in English about the War. And especially there was Mr. George's exhaustive essay on marriage—The Second Blooming.

In varying degree, all these books were good novels. They combined a definite seriousness of approach with the gusto of the creative artist. Mr. George leavened his sound English realism with Gallic irony. The brilliance of Blind Alley is matched only by its verisimilitude. And The Second Blooming, giving, as it does, most of the life of three sisters, is big, deep. One feels in reading it that it is a book which can be dug into, spaded up, and that new wealth will appear each time.

But it is in The Second Blooming that we can trace the genesis of Mr. George's collapse. In that novel he seemed first to seize the idea which later colored all his work—that he knew more about women perhaps, than anyone alive. He had always had an especial interest in women and an especial fondness for complex female characters. He had been an avowed feminist. And after The Second Blooming he began to put his feminism into his novels. He began to write literally countless essays and articles on various phases of woman and the woman problem. Novels subsequent to The Second Blooming, except Caliban, contained an increasingly great feminine burden. Mr. George began to take delight in describing meticulously the appearance, clothes (including underwear), shopping proclivities, method of bathing, and psychology of his heroines. He wrote Ursula Trent's story in the first person—a ticklish experiment. By that time he had obviously come to believe that he was the only man who ever lived who had really understood women. And with Her Unwelcome Husband, a novel purporting to deal intimately with the thoughts of a woman bordering on forty, the feminist complex advances to obsession.

Her Unwelcome Husband is a very bad book indeed. It is that most pathetic of literary forms—a tour de force which doesn't come off. Mr. George in his effort to fix his lady of thirty-eight forgets all the things which made his former novels sturdy and effective. Almost the only virtue of Her Unwelcome Husband is its patness, its easy flow, its consummate facility. But the book has the hysteria of Ursula Trent and the smug knowingness of the articles on female dress which Mr. George writes for the magazines. He spends pages describing Mrs. Caldecot's bath, toilette, and dressing, to the neglect even of her psychology. And the men in the book are vague wistful shadows.

What can we prophesy for Mr. George? At Woman's Window, the daily syndicate feature for the newspapers, will continue, I suppose. Novels like Her Unwelcome Husband may burst on us again. Mr. George, once the rival of H. G. Wells, is becoming an elevated Robert Chambers. In common with so many of his generation, he has been claimed by the maw of cheap writing, journalism,

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meretricious experiment. And the pity of the case is that Mr. George, just like Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cannan and Mr. Beresford, was once a serious artist of high and impressive consideration.

In the meantime, if Mr. Cosmo Hamilton will kindly step aside, Mr. George will move over to take his place as floorwalker in the lingerie department of the novel factory.

JOHN GUNTHER.

A Survey of Sociology

The Development of Social Theory, by James P. Lichtenberger, Ph. D. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

THIS book consists of a general survey of the history of sociological thought from Plato to Tarde and Ratzenhofer, in the excellent Century Social Science series edited by Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin. The attempt is made to present the more significant contributions of the leading writers on social theory, indicating to some extent the essential facts with respect to their lives and the environment in which they lived and wrote. Among the important writers whose doctrines are analyzed are: Plato, Aristotle, Polybius, Cicero, Seneca, Jesus of Nazareth, the Church Fathers, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Machiavelli, the Protestant Reformers, Bodin, the social contract school, Montesquieu, Comte, Darwin, Spencer, Ward, Tarde, Gumplowicz and Ratzenhofer. It apparently was the avowed and explicit determination of Dr. Lichtenberger to omit the works of all living sociologists, serious as must be the omissions resulting from the following out of this intention. One may legitimately inquire why the author has not included a number of other notable modern sociologists who are certainly physically as dead as Ward, Tarde or Gumplowicz. Notable omissions of this type are Quetelet, Novicow, Kropotkin, Durkheim and many important historical sociologists, such as Lewis H. Morgan. When to these names are added the eminent sociologists still in our midst, it is perfectly evident that Dr. Lichtenberger's work leaves a well-nigh free field for a supplementary volume on contemporary sociological doctrines.

Any detailed analysis of the exposition of the doctrines of the writers studied would manifestly be impossible within the limits of space assigned to this review. An attempt can be made only to indicate the general nature of Dr. Lichtenberger's achievement and the services to sociology which have been rendered thereby. The book is very clearly written and the most important contributions of these writers on social theory are usually adequately expounded. While the author does not seem to have read thoroughly all the major writings of the leading figures whose works he considers, and frequently has missed the more important critical monographic studies of particular writers and periods, yet the volume as a whole is reasonably accurate and reliable, and sufficient acquaintance has been shown with the sources and commentators to produce confidence in the validity of the exposition.

Attempting to evaluate the work as a whole, it may be asserted that it is a very serviceable and convenient compilation which enables the reader to discover the more important contributions to the history of social theory in a more rapid and convenient manner than it would be possible for him to extract them from the more volumnious three volume work by Professor Dunning on The History of Political Theories. This is something which has long been needed by teachers of the history of social theory, and Dr. Lichtenberger's achievement will be received by them with gratitude.

In short, as an example of penetrating scholarship and mature reflection in the field of the history of social theories, the work is not in any way impressive, but as a useful textbook it is a satisfactory performance and as such will fulfill a very real function in sociological instruction. It possesses certain elements of clarity and organization which far surpass in this respect the work of Professor Bogardus which is as yet its only serious competitor.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Roast Leviathan

Roast Leviathan, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Price, $1.75.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER is in the perilous predicament of a writer who must steer his poetical bark between a Scylla and a Charybdis. The Scylla is a fateful facility, an easiness in writing that sometimes tends to cause his pen to outstrip his judgment; Charybdis is a too intimate absorption in the work of other poets, an absorption that becomes a virtue in his parodies but a danger in his serious work. It is therefore worthy of note that Roast Leviathan travels the dangerous rapids with a high degree of success, plainly the result of an increasing ability to employ restraint and a manifest deepening of thought-fibre. The book is Mr. Untermeyer's best performance thus far for it retains all those emotional vehemences which are markedly his own and yet subjugates them to a high degree of technical craftsmanship. He is still the insurgent, the defiant accepter of life, the lusty singer of emphatic convictions; but with these traits is discernible a finesse that is directly the result of maturity and critical growth. Mr. Untermeyer's mistakes in the past were generally the result of overemphasis, of beating the drum too loudly. He still beats the drum but its rumbling ardour has diminished to an aesthetic accompaniment; it no longer drowns out the voice. The time has come for a variety of instruments. His convictions are still enthusiasms, however. His nature is still versatile. Roast Leviathan presents a complete picture of Mr. Untermeyer's poetical diversities. From it we gather that he travels three roads, all of which may be merged into the single highway of a well-defined individuality. These three roads are: (1) social criticism; (2) a cerebral approach to love; and (3) a militant sense of the Jew.

The most important (at least, the more heavily-trampled) of these three roads is the third. This militant passion of the Jew, which flares out so unmistakably in Solomon in Flatbush, Lost Jerusalem and Roast Leviathan, colors the book. There is an undeniable vigor here, an exuberant and somewhat obvious imagination flashing with bright hues, a high sense of music, and, best of all, a concentrated intensity that demonstrates the poet's sincerity

It is a bold and arrogant pride that marches along

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to the ancient thunder of the rams' horns, a compact racial passion that is admirable because of its vehemence. There are moments, particularly in Roast Leviathan and Solomon in Flatbush, when the coloring is Oriental, heavy with the fumes of the East, barbaric and even monstrous in its imageries.

There is but a handful of lyrics which illustrate that cerebral concern with love which so occupied Mr. Untermeyer in The New Adam. It is in this genre that I believe the poet reaches his highest plane of poetry, a plane, perhaps, that does not and will not prove as widely popular as the more vehement veins of social and Jewish urge. Inhibited is an adequate expression of this mode.

I could not pity your pain but I pitied the branches
Losing what little the frost had left them to hold.
I could not warm you with sorrow; I turned to the sparrows,
Clustered like heavy brown blossoms puffed out by the cold.

They could not help me. I looked at my hands; they were helpless;
Strange and detached, less related to me than the birds.
Baffled, I called on the mind; it carried me, floundering,
Lost among meaningless phrases, tossed in a welter of words.

Too great for my blundering comfort, your anguish confused me.
From a great distance, I saw you standing alone.
Frozen and stark, in a black iron circle of silence,
I could not pity your pain; I could scarcely pity my own.

It is in these cerebral poems of love that Mr. Untermeyer's growth as an artist is best revealed. The social poems, the democratic urges, to be found in Roast Leviathan are but a deepening and restrained repetition of an old familiar form to be found, as far back as Challenge.

More cleanly cut than in any of his other books (excepting, perhaps, The New Adam) is the unity, the fine fusing of distinct themes which fashions Roast Leviathan into an orderly ensemble. A stout assent to life and a withering condemnation of its bewildering array of meanness and lapses is the deliberately established motif. About this central note shifts the mingled music of dark love and Hebraic passion.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

Master and Pupil

John Ruskin's Letters to William Ward, with a short biography of William Ward by W. C. Ward. Boston: The Marshall Jones Company. $7.50.

IN 1893 the late Mr. William Ward permitted these letters from Ruskin to him to be printed for private circulation; the entire collection is here published for the first time. The editor, however, fails to note that many of them are included in volumes XXXVI and XXXVII of the Library Edition of Ruskin's works, where may also be found several letters to Ward which are not republished in this volume. Since, then, a great part of this material was already available to students of Ruskin, the chief value of the new collection lies in the generously large series of facsimile reproductions of those letters which contained sketches by Ruskin indicating the faults in his pupil's work and the corrections that he desires him to undertake.

Ward's talents attracted Ruskin in the early days of the Workingmen's College in Red Lion Square and he soon appointed him assistant drawing master at the college. Presently Ward relinquished his business connections and devoted himself to art. During a good many years he did a considerable amount of original work; but he was lacking in invention and had no gift for composition, though possessing a keen sense for color; and in later life he became known as a skilful and successful copyist, making himself a name by copying Turner's water colors and many plates of the Liber Studiorum. As a dealer also he became a recognized authority on Turner. His progress was at times slow and disheartening; and the letters present a vivid, pleasing picture of the frankness and patience of Ruskin and of the confidence and equal patience of his pupil.

There are also, as would be expected, frequent instances of the doctrinaire arrogance of the master. In later years Ward, though always loyal to Ruskin, was not without a realization of his master's defects in temperament and judgment. The brief memoir supplied by the artist's son shows Ward to have been a conscious workman, of fine talents and of a sympathetic somewhat mystical nature—occupying an humble place in the history of the aesthetic revival in England.

S. C. C.

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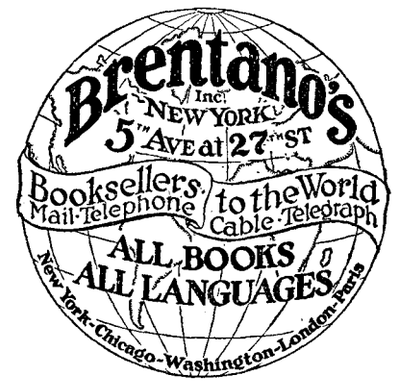

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